

# THE HOUSEWIFE

FEBRUARY 1910



THE A. D. PORTER CO., PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK



# A WOMAN CAN EARN \$5000<sup>00</sup> A YEAR

DIRECTING THE BUILDING OF A MODISH GOWN.



YOUNG LADY GRADUATE MAKING HER OWN DRESS. SAVES ENOUGH ON ONE SUIT TO BUY ANOTHER

CORRESPONDENCE DEPT. WHERE THE WORK OF 20,000 STUDENTS IS DIRECTED.

A GRADUATE DRESSMAKER. ENTIRE TIME IS TAKEN UP EMPLOYING ASSISTANTS AND DESIGNING.

AN AMERICAN COLLEGE GRADUATE MAKING HER CHILDREN'S DRESSES



YOURS FOR THE ASKING

The Book tells how

**THIS BOOK SENT TO YOU FREE**

Get the Book

WRITE FOR IT TO DAY

## LEARN DRESSMAKING AT HOME BY MAIL

### We Will Teach You To Your Own Satisfaction

**M**ANY women nowadays are earning \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year by dressmaking. One woman, the head designer in Chicago's largest retail dry goods house, is said to receive \$10,000 a year. Salaries of \$25.00 to \$50.00 a week are common. Graduate dressmakers are wanted right now in many good towns and cities. Never before has there been such a demand for competent designers. **We teach you by mail and equip you to command a good income.** Or you can start in business for yourself. **Become a Graduate Dressmaker.** The regular diploma of this College is issued to all who complete this course of lessons. **The American System** is most thorough and complete in every detail, and yet very simple and easily understood. **These lessons** will teach you how to **Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape and Trim** any garment, including children's clothing. This study will not interfere with your regular duties. This College is endorsed by leading high-grade fashion magazines—McCall's, Fashions, Harper's Bazar, Paris Modes, etc., etc.

#### Make Your Own Clothes

SAVE MONEY by drafting your own patterns, by doing your own sewing, and enable yourself to dress far better at one-third the usual cost.

SAVE TIME and the worry of having to wait on dressmakers in the busy season of each year.

#### What Are These Lessons Worth?

OUR STUDENTS SAY IN RECENT LETTERS:—"I would not exchange the knowledge I have gained for double the cost." "I would not take \$50 for what I have learned." "I have made 25 waists (6 silk ones)—all perfect fits." "I have just saved the price of my course by making my own silk dress." "I have saved a large dressmakers' bill by doing my own sewing." "The knowledge gained from these lessons is enabling me to help my husband pay for our new home." "I would not sell this system for \$100."

#### The Children's Dresses

Every mother wants her children to be well dressed. Many are not able to have the sewing done by a capable garment maker, and the ready made garments are far from satisfactory. Our system thoroughly covers the subject of designing, cutting and fitting children's clothing.

#### The Author of this Course

Our readers will be interested to learn of the signal success of a western woman who had the initiative to test a new and somewhat unique idea—teaching dressmaking by correspondence. Only a few years ago, Miss Pearl Merwin, now supervisor of the American College of Dressmaking, was modestly but successfully doing such sewing as came to her from her friends, as a natural result of the merits of her work. A college-bred woman herself, she conceived the idea of putting her knowledge and experience into the hands of those less favored, by crystallizing it into a series of lessons which could easily and successfully be taught by mail. She commenced advertising in a small way, until the practicability of the idea was fully demonstrated. Her advertising may now be seen in all of the leading magazines. She has over 20,000 students and graduates throughout the country, and the product of her pen is widely sought. She is a striking example of the new woman—not however, of the mannish sort—who has "come up out of the ranks" largely by her own efforts, and that by confining her work wholly within the generally conceded province of feminine endeavor.—Clipped from "HUMAN LIFE" published at Boston, Mass.

#### A Practical Demonstration

Miss Pearl Merwin, Supervisor, Dear Teacher:—  
BROOKSVILLE, VT.  
I am very glad to have finished successfully the complete American System of Dressmaking, and want to thank you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me. When I started taking your lessons, they enabled me to make quite a number of things for myself and my friends, who were so well satisfied with my work that I took in all the sewing I could do, and did exceptionally well. Since completing my course, I have started dressmaking and have been very successful, having made a silk shirt-waist suit, two fancy waists, two skirts, two jackets and two fancy gowns, one of which I just completed today, and my customer is delighted with it. I appreciate the American System of Dressmaking very much. After receiving my diploma I started on a large scale, taking in only the fancy and expensive gowns. Have made eight wedding dresses, and several bridesmaid dresses, reception and graduation gowns, etc. I recommend the American System of Dressmaking at every opportunity, and remain, your student,  
Miss Emma J. Pierson.

#### OUR HANDSOME BOOK SENT FREE.

Our new book on dressmaking recently published is proving to be of great interest to thousands of women who have secured a copy of it.

This book illustrated above will be sent to you Free.

At an expense of thousands of dollars this college has published 100,000 of these copyrighted books to advertise the AMERICAN SYSTEM OF DRESS-MAKING, and—while they last—will send you a copy FREE. Write for it to-day. One copy only to each woman. Requests will be filled in the order received.

**American College of Dressmaking**  
562 Commerce Bank Building.  
KANSAS CITY, MO., U. S. A.



This coupon will bring your book free.

**AMERICAN COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING**  
562 Commerce Bank Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

Please send me free book and explain how I can learn to do my own sewing, become a professional dressmaker, and qualify for a good income.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street & No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City or Town \_\_\_\_\_  
County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Box No. \_\_\_\_\_ R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_



# This Centerpiece FREE

The New Colonial Art Cloth

Write For It Today



We will send you free and postpaid this large beautiful Stamped and Tinted 22x22-inch Colonial Art Cloth Centerpiece—your choice of five new designs—

American Beauty Roses, Poppies, Carnations, Violets or Daisies

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 30 cents to pay factory cost of 2½ yards Lace and Four Skeins Richardson's Grand Prize Embroidery Silk to trim and embroider the Centerpiece. The Lace is the beautiful and popular Old English Fern, 3½ inches deep, and is worth more than we ask for entire outfit.

This is the Biggest Offer

we ever made. We do it to convince every woman that Richardson's is the best Embroidery Silk. Your money back if not more than satisfied. You get free with the outfit our big new 1910 Premium Art Book, illustrating all the latest things in Embroidery. Write today, enclosing 30 cents, stamps or coin, and state design wanted.

RICHARDSON SILK CO., Clerk 2143  
220-224 Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



## SEEDS

Fresh, Reliable, Pure  
Guaranteed to Please

Every Gardener and Planter should test the superior merits of Our Northern Grown Seeds.

SPECIAL OFFER

FOR 10 CENTS

We will send postpaid our

FAMOUS COLLECTION

- 1 pkg. 60 Day Tomato . . . . . 20c
- 1 pkg. Princess Radish . . . . . 10c
- 1 pkg. Self-Growing Celery . . . . . 20c
- 1 pkg. Early Arrow-head Cabbage . . . . . 15c
- 1 pkg. Fullerton Market Lettuce . . . . . 10c
- Also 12 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds . . . . . 25c

Write today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage, and packing and receive the above "Famous Collection," together with our New and Instructive Garden Guide.

GREAT NORTHERN SEED CO.  
260 Rose St. Rockford, Illinois



To convince you that Vacher-Balm is the best thing for Cough, Sore throat, Stiff Neck, Catarrh, Headache, and Croup. I will send you enough to give relief FREE, if you write at once to E. W. Vacher, 1816 Nap. Ave., New Orleans, La.



## 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now!

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. C-8 CHICAGO

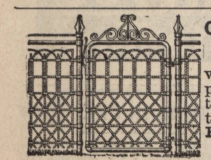


## Ornamental Fence

Cheaper than wood for Lawns, Churches, Cemeteries, Public Grounds. Also Wrought Iron Fence. Catalogue free. Write for Special Offer.

THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 131 Decatur, Ind.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE of pure bred poultry, for 1910, 200 pages, handsomely illustrated, 150 engravings, photos, 30 fine colored plates, describes 65 leading varieties of land and water-fowls, gives low prices of stock, eggs, incubators, poultry supplies, etc. Calendar for each month. How to care for poultry and all details. Only 10 cents. Send to-day. B. H. GREIDER, Box 12, Rheems, Pa.



## ORNAMENTAL FENCE

25 Designs, All Steel.

Handsomer, cheaper than wood, more durable. Special prices to churches and cemeteries. Don't buy a fence until you get our free catalog. Kokomo Fence Machine Co. 446 North St., Kokomo, Ind.

## ANY LADY

Can make \$10.00 to \$30.00 weekly as our representative. Spare time only required. Easy and pleasant. Full particulars on request. STANDARD DRESS GOODS CO., Desk 15-2 Binghamton, N. Y.

# THE HOUSEWIFE

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE, Editor

Published Monthly by The A. D. Porter Co., 52 Duane Street, New York.  
A. D. Porter, President. A. S. Michel, Treasurer. C. W. Corbett, Jr., Secretary.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single subscriptions, Thirty-Five Cents a year in advance, Single Copies, Five Cents. The postage is prepaid to all parts of the United States. Subscribers in New York City must add 24 cents to the yearly price to pay for city delivery, and those in Foreign Countries, including Canada, must add 24 cents to the yearly subscription price, for necessary postage.

Please send remittances by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Bank Draft or Registered Letter. United States postage stamps will be accepted at face value. In requesting a change of address it is imperative that the old address be given as well as the new, and six weeks' notice is required. As subscriptions are always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, renewals should be promptly forwarded because we cannot, as a rule, supply back numbers. The receipt of the Magazine with a Pink Subscription Blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired and should be renewed without delay.

Address all communications to The Housewife, 52 Duane Street, New York

## Of Interest to Those who are Interested in The Housewife

### Benefitting from Our Advertising Columns

Those who understand using advertisements a trip through the business columns of THE HOUSEWIFE is as interesting as a tour of a first-class department store, only without the crowding and fatigue that the latter entails. Sitting comfortably at desk or table with a list of articles required for personal and family use and a copy of THE HOUSEWIFE open before them, these readers can satisfactorily fill every want; immediately almost if they are acquainted with the articles advertised; or if this be their first attempt at shopping in advertisement columns and they desire further details before sending money, a brief note and the use of a stamp or even a postal will bring prompt and explicit information from the Man Who Knows, for he is the manufacturer having such a perfect belief in his product that he spends thousands of dollars a year in introducing it to the public. Do the would-be purchasers want to make a personal examination of the wares? A request to headquarters will bring back without delay the address of the nearest retailer who handles the goods. Every season, not merely every year, much time and money are expended in the getting up of handsome catalogues and booklets which tell all about the old standbys and the many new comers in household articles, food products, wearing apparel, etc., and this reading matter is to be had by a simple request by letter. The manufacturer has had it prepared with just such end in view. It would cost a fortune for him to use sufficient space in magazines and newspapers to describe the complete details of his specialties, and it is impossible for him to reach personally or with a demonstrator the vast number of people who see his advertisement, but the advertisement goes to the multitude, the interested ones pick up the connection and write to the manufacturer for further information, and so at last the two are in personal communication. The only trouble is some people are too modest to ask for catalogues and the like, because they feel when receiving a handsomely illustrated booklet in return for a postal request they are acting unfairly unless they make an immediate purchase. That is honesty carried to too fine a point. The manufacturer wants them to eventually purchase, he will be disappointed in his products if they do not, but he wants them first of all to see what he has to say further than what appears in his necessarily limited advertisement, and then if he fail to convince them of the desirability of what he has to offer it is his own fault.

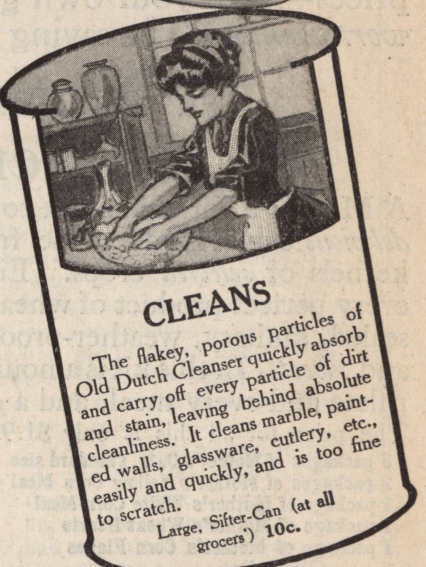
Quite contrary to the belief of many people this advertisement shopping is not a detriment to the home trade. If there is something new and excellent on the market the home merchant will be obliged to you for bringing it to his notice, that is if he is a man who wants to keep abreast of the times. You can show him the advertisement and ask him to get the article for you, thus benefitting yourself, your merchant and the manufacturer; or you can give his address by letter or postal to the manufacturer and the latter will see that you are given a chance to purchase what you want in your home town. But certainly you should not be expected to deprive yourself and your family of the latest results of scientific experiment because you deal with a tradesman who will not rejuvenate his stock.

In a first-class publication like THE HOUSEWIFE it is almost impossible for fraudulent advertising to creep in, and any positive evidence of unfair methods brings about prompt investigation; the articles advertised are of sufficiently varied character to interest every class, so if you have not been a close reader of the business columns of your magazine heretofore go carefully through this number—you will surely find something for which you have long been searching—and when you do sit right down and ask its manufacturer to tell you all about it. And don't forget to tell him you saw his advertisement in THE HOUSEWIFE.

### Something More About Club Raising

In the January number we told you that our premium offers held good right through the year, and now we want to remind you that as your holiday obligations to your relatives and friends are now fulfilled it is an excellent time to work for something for yourself. People have more time to look through your sample copies now, there are new features to which to call their attention, also as the beautiful Spring weather approaches you can get around more and see more friends. Through your efforts during the three months past you sent THE HOUSEWIFE so many subscribers that the force was kept busy day and night entering the names. One day alone saw 10,000 subscriptions brought in in tightly packed mail sacks. If you want to know what a really large amount 10,000 is, let us tell you it would take a very rapid writer ten days, working eight hours a day steadily, to address that many envelopes—three lines to an envelope. Try making that number of dots on a piece of paper, if you have that much time to waste, for it will run into hours. Thank you for this very practical proof of your friendship; the improvement in your magazine will repay you in part we trust. We are all enthusiastic in seeing THE HOUSEWIFE forging ahead and we know you share our enthusiasm.

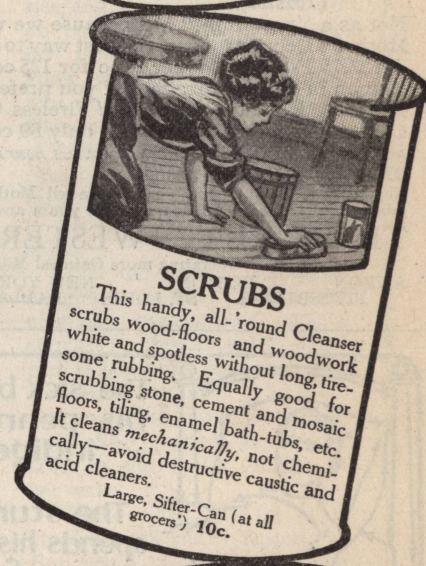
But just one word of caution. Please write names and addresses very plainly, and if a brief delay occurs do not jump to the conclusion that it is always our fault. If you could see some of the letters which come to us you would wonder that we can read them at all. Blurred and incomplete addresses mean disappointment to you and much trouble to us. So take time enough and do your share of the work to the best of your ability.



## CLEANS

The flakey, porous particles of Old Dutch Cleanser quickly absorb and carry off every particle of dirt and stain, leaving behind absolute cleanliness. It cleans marble, paint, clean walls, glassware, cutlery, etc., easily and quickly, and is too fine to scratch.

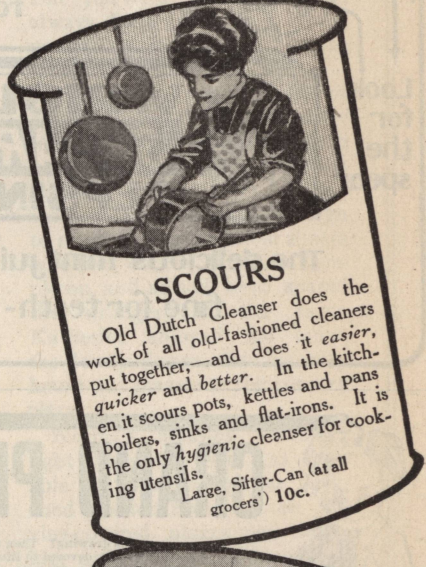
Large, Sifter-Can (at all grocers') 10c.



## SCRUBS

This handy, all-round Cleanser scrubs wood-floors and woodwork white and spotless without long, tire-some rubbing. Equally good for floors, tiling, cement and mosaic. It cleans enamel bath-tubs, etc. mechanically—avoid destructive caustic and acid cleaners.

Large, Sifter-Can (at all grocers') 10c.



## SCOURS

Old Dutch Cleanser does the work of all old-fashioned cleaners put together,—and does it easier, quicker and better. In the kitchen it scours pots, kettles and pans, boilers, sinks and flat-irons. It is the only hygienic cleanser for cooking utensils.

Large, Sifter-Can (at all grocers') 10c.



## POLISHES

Old Dutch Cleanser is excellent for keeping metal fixtures, taps, railings, etc., highly polished. If your grocer cannot supply you, send us his name and 10c. in stamps for a full-size can.

Dutch Hand Soap—removes the most obstinate stains from the skin, whether from grease, ink, metal, paint or varnish. Excellent for toilet, bath and kitchen use. Large Cake, 10c.

CUDAHY - Maker - OMAHA  
Branch and Factory  
TORONTO





## A New Plan

There's a *better* way to buy the *best* food than you have ever bought *any* food. And buying it this *better* way, you can buy at *wholesale* prices—from your own grocer. The best food is *worth while*. The saving is *worth while*. It's all in

## A Mother's Kit of Mother's Cereals

A Mother's Kit contains a complete assortment of the most *delicious* cereal foods, made from the big, fat, sun-ripened kernels of *selected* crops. Eighteen packages, eight kinds, every perfect product of wheat, oats and corn, all packed in sealed, sanitary, weather-proof packages, so as to keep *fresh* and *sweet*. In this kit is a nourishing, pleasing food for every palate and every meal, and a *generous* quantity of each.

The price for all this is only \$1.95, or slightly more at distant points.

8 packages of Mother's Oats, standard size  
2 packages of Mother's Yellow Corn Meal  
1 package of Mother's White Corn Meal  
1 package of Mother's Wheat Hearts  
1 package of Mother's Corn Flakes (Toasted)  
1 package of Mother's Old-Fashioned Steel Cut Oatmeal  
2 packages of Mother's Grits (Granulated Hominy)  
2 packages of Mother's Pearl Hominy (Coarse)

Not as a "premium," but because we want all users of Mother's Oats and other Mother's Cereals to have the best way to *cook* the best cereals we *give away* a splendid \$3.75 Fireless Cooker Free for 125 coupons from Mother's Cereals. There's a coupon in every package. If you prefer not to *wait* to *save* the coupons, buy a Mother's Kit, take the *Special* Fireless Cooker Certificate and the 18 Package Coupons to your grocer, with only 89 cents, and get your Fireless Cooker *right away*. It cooks things *better*, saves *hours* of work and worry every day and saves 80% of the fuel bill besides.

Nearly all the best grocers everywhere sell Mother's Oats and other Mother's Cereals. If your grocer does not, send us his name and yours and we will send you a useful souvenir free.

**THE GREAT WESTERN CEREAL COMPANY**

Operating more Oatmeal Mills than any other one concern.  
AKRON BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO  
PITTSBURGH ST. LOUIS DALLAS KANSAS CITY JACKSON, MISS.



COPYRIGHT 1909 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

## A SUGGESTION TO MOTHERS.

Let Margaret bathe, "all by herself," every day in the week, except Saturday; but, on Saturday, take her in hand yourself.

Satisfy yourself that she is as clean as Ivory Soap and warm water can make her. Brush her hair. Shampoo it if necessary. Rub her scalp—to stimulate the follicles from which the hair grows. Examine her teeth, her ears, eyes, nose, fingers and nails. In other words, see that she is clean and sweet from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet.

Ivory Soap will help you keep her in that condition. For bathing her little body and for shampooing her hair, you can use it with the knowledge that it is the safest soap you can buy. It is mild. It is pure. It contains no "free" alkali—no injurious ingredient of any kind.

Ivory Soap . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure.

The sick boy spends his pennies for indigestibles.

The sturdy boy spends his pennies for

**WRIGLEY'S  
SPEARMINT  
PEPSIN GUM**

Look for the spear

The flavor lasts

The flavor lasts

The delicious mint juice is fine for digestion—fine for teeth—fine for breath!

## A Wonderful Offer All for 50 Cents



**The Housewife**, one whole year  
**Farm and Fireside**, one whole year  
**The 1910 Baby Calendar**

For Only **50c**

**Farm and Fireside** comes twice every month. Twenty-four times a year, and is just filled with the most interesting farm and fireside matters. The stories of interest to the whole family are of the bright and cheery sort. The departments are up-to-date and authoritative.

For 50 cents we will send you **Farm and Fireside** for one year, and **The Housewife** for one year, and also the **1910 Baby Calendar**, sent prepaid, carefully packed in a tube. Send in your order to-day. This offer with the calendar is good until February 28th, only.

**The Housewife, 52 Duane Street, N. Y.**



## GRAND PRIZE CONTEST

Can you copy this drawing? Then win a valuable prize! Do you want the only magazine published entirely devoted to illustrating, designing and cartooning. Each edition costs ten thousand dollars to produce. Simply make a fresh drawing of this picture with a pen or pencil and mail it to us, STATING YOUR AGE.

**COPY HANS, IT'S REAL FUN**

If your drawing is at least 40 per cent. as good as the original we will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the handsomest and most fascinating Art Journal in existence. The first issue alone has 125 PICTURES by WORLD-FAMOUS ILLUSTRATORS.

**Copy This Picture and Get a Magazine Subscription**

Hundreds have talent for drawing but do not know it; this contest will please thousands and stimulate an interest in illustrating. Merely an hour copying Hans may win this splendid Art magazine. It's worth trying for. Send in your sketch; it costs you nothing; TRY TONIGHT!

Copy the little man, you'll get a lot of fun out of it.

Correspondence Institute of America, Dept. 263 Scranton, Pa.

## 10 GOLDEN EASTER POST CARDS GIVEN

It is impossible for us to describe the beauty of these cards we want to send you—you must see them in their beautiful colors and full gold embossing to appreciate them. These Gold Cards are the newest, richest, most expensive and exquisite Easter Cards you have ever seen. We want to introduce our goods in your locality. All you have to do is to send us 3 cents in stamps to help pay postage and packing expense. You receive cards and our Great Surprise Offer. You will want to remember all your friends on Easter day.

Address **POST CARD HOUSE, DEPT. 806, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

Husband looking pretty old, is he? It's that old gray mustache of his! Make him color it with

**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**  
Gives a rich brown or black. All Druggists, 50 cts.

**Kalamazoo Stove Co.**  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

### Here Is Something New From Kalamazoo

Prove for yourself in your own home, that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect—most economical—most satisfactory range for you to use—Your money back if it's not.

Send for Catalog No. 440 with special terms and compare Kalamazoo prices with others

### Cash Or Time Payments

We want every housewife to know the comfort and convenience of a Kalamazoo in her home. You can buy on **easy time payments** or pay cash if you like. Either way—you save \$10 to \$20 on any stove in the catalog. We make it easy for responsible people to own the best stove or range in the world.

**"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"**

**\$2 A DAY** can be made at home during spare time, tinseling Postcards. Easy work. Samples and advice roc.

**ART CARD CO., 43 M. Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.**

**AGENTS** **NINE IN ONE**  
\$75 monthly. Combination Rolling Pin. Nine articles combined. Lightning Seller. Sample free. **FORSHEE MFG. CO., Box 198 Dayton, O.**

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**  
The antiseptic powder to Shake into your Shoes, for Tired, Aching Feet. Always use it for Breaking in New shoes. "In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease." Sold everywhere, 25 cents. Do not accept a substitute.

This signature  
*Allen's Foot-Ease*  
on every box.

For FREE Trial Package, also Free Sample of **FOOT-EASE** Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED** Le Roy, N. Y.



# THE HOUSEWIFE

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

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Vol. XXVI

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 9

## ONE GIRL AND SUITORS THREE

**M**ISS ARMITAGE had been heard to declare that nothing seemed to her so utterly senseless as that a girl should not know her own mind in regard to her love affairs.

She had read in fiction of a heroine's hesitating between two or three lovers, and had been loud in her denunciations of such imbecility. Yet here she was reading three letters from three of her lovers, and although it was far from being her first perusal, she was as undecided as ever as to which of the men, if any, she intended to marry.

She had not known before how much she cared for the three until now that she was asked to decide which one was to become far nearer than a friend. Oh, why had they been so silly? Why need the pleasant friendship which had existed for years come to an end?

A wave of anger swept over Miss Armitage's soul as she thought of the charm of the past, the uncertainty of the present, and the Egyptian darkness of the future! Why must the masculine element restless, discontented, leave the pleasant pastures of friendship and *cameraderie* for the precarious pitfalls of love and marriage? She wouldn't marry one of them. That would settle it. She picked up the epistles, the cause of so much disquietude, and reread them in a sort of desperation.

"I am sure, my dear Miss Armitage," the first one read, "that you have guessed the feeling that I have had for you these many months. I confess that I am a coward, and so am writing what I am too fearful to say to your face. My love for you is so compelling that I can no longer control it. I feel that life without you would be, if not worthless, hardly worth the struggle. I am not what I wish I were, but I am doubly glad now that my mother from earliest boyhood insisted upon clean living. I feel my presumption in asking you to spend your life with me when I have so little besides my love to offer you, but I can promise that I shall work most gladly for you, and that my desire shall be always to keep you from every possible ill. Do not keep me in suspense, Katherine dear. Give me my answer soon and oh, do not let it be the dreaded no!

"Yours as ever,

"ALEC MACKENZIE."

Number two.

"MY DEAREST KATHERINE:

"From the beginning it was decreed that you were to take my name; why resist Fate? I know that you cannot reject such love as mine because I've always been a lucky dog and gained my point, and I cannot believe that Dame Fortune will at this crisis desert me. I am, as you know, visiting my cousin Newman Sage. We are hunting game, and I couldn't wait to go home to ask the momentous question. Come, be a good girl, Kate, and make me happy by doing as I wish. You know you love me; your eyes have betrayed you.

"Your husband-to-be,

"THAYER TEMPLETON."

The third and last read:

"Our friendship, Katherine, has not been of long duration, yet it has taught me that I love you with the passion of a man who, having seen many women, loves but one. Your beauty, your fascinating ways, makes me long to own you. Having been called away suddenly by business, I cannot ask you the important question face to face, and as I cannot brook the delay of waiting till my return, I am putting my fate to the mercy of the mails. Be generous, dear,

By Rhodes Campbell

Illustrations by Louis Arata

and give yourself into the keeping of your ardent lover,  
DIXON BARTLETT."

A vision of Alec Mackenzie came before Miss Armitage, clean, manly face, eyes boyish yet tender, mouth firm. "He's a dear," she murmured. Thayer Templeton as different as possible from Alec, yet winning and masterful. To be sure he offended her taste sometimes by his conceit and taking-for-granted manner, yet he could be very attractive, oh very; and his laughing, handsome eyes held hers often against her will. He was an impudent fellow; he deserved a rebuff for that last remark. He needn't be too sure. He was quick and bright, but would he wear well? Katherine had

Clever, cool, ready, Katherine had never before met such a man.

Oh, for some fallible test! She thought of her mother only to dismiss the idea of help from such a quarter. Since her husband's death Mrs. Armitage had given up all society, and had yielded to a morbid craving for seclusion. In her sorrow she would not see that her loved daughter needed her now as never before, and that at this crisis she had failed her.

"I wish that it were in the dear old fairy times, and that I could consult a witch or brownie, and find out which of my friends is true and worthy," Katherine sighed, and with the sigh she summoned Fate in the shape of a pretty laughing girl in a shimmering white gown who suddenly stood before her under the trees where Katherine meditated over the problem which Life had suddenly set her to solve.

"K, you must make a martyr of yourself," she declared, sitting down beside her and taking her hands in hers. "I've just had word that Norma has measles, and I must go home. Now do come with me, and make my isolation bearable. You know you said only yesterday that you longed for the country. Give me a week anyhow."

Katherine loosened her hands, caught up her letters, thrust them into her belt, and sprang to her feet with sudden resolution.

"Just the thing! I shall be delighted, Annice. I can get mamma's consent and pack a suitcase in a few moments. How glad I am that you're a girl! I'm tired of men. I think women are so much more restful." She started across the lawn as she spoke, Annice in her wake.

"Since when has the male creation tired you? Yesterday? But you're a jewel, K. You always know your own mind; you're so satisfactory." She spoke with conviction.

Now Annice was the sister of Thayer Templeton, and mother to her two younger sisters since her mother's death. While the girl had had considerable care she had been fortunate enough to retain the two capable sisters who had worked for Mrs. Templeton, and so had been spared the drudgery of the farm. Katherine enjoyed the quiet, the lovely drives, the big airy house and piazzas at the country place.

Norma's measles proved a light case, and she was soon able to come out of her darkened room. She was on the vine-covered piazza one morning, delighted to be convalescent. She talked animatedly to her sister and Katherine.

"You tell such lovely stories," she declared to the latter. "I'm so glad Annice brought you back with her. And oh how glad, gladder, gladdest I am that Thayer is away! There's no peace in this house when he's at home, is there, Annice?"

Katherine surprised a frown and a speaking look in the elder sister's eyes of which Norma was utterly unconscious.

"Boys, little and big, will tease children," she declared, turning with a smile to Katherine. "I want to show you where the violets grow; I never saw such masses of them. You stay here, Norma, we shall be back soon and bring you some." Annice hurried down the stairs, Katherine following.

The next morning Katherine stayed in her room writing letters. She wore her soft moccasins and came noiselessly to the piazza. No one was there, so she lay in the hammock and read her book. All at



"Don't keep me waiting too long," he urged in his low persuasive voice

passed her first youth; she was still young, but she was a full-fledged woman. A near friend had married most unhappily, and the knowledge of her utter disillusionment, her wretchedness, had been a shock to Miss Armitage from which she could not recover. Mrs. Armitage had moved back to Edgewood, her girlhood's home, three years since on the death of her husband. Mackenzie and Templeton Katherine had known for that length of time, the former during his semi-yearly visits and through frequent letters, the latter from constant association. Dixon Bartlett she had only met at a friend's a few weeks before. He was eight or ten years her senior, and Katherine had felt secretly flattered that the polished, attractive man of the world had paid court to her from the first over the heads of the many lovely girls for which Edgewood was noted.



once voices from the furthest room with its window opening on to the piazza, came to her ears. They mingled with the sentences of the story, then clear and distinct came Annice's voice:

"You must never talk against Thayer to outsiders, especially Miss Armitage. Thayer likes her very much. And remember, Norma, it isn't kind at all."

"Kind!" retorted the indignant child's voice. "I like that! Why should we be kind? Is he kind when he begs you for money and you have so little? Papa says he is merciless when he wants his own way. He always has been. I just wish people who see him so lovely and smiling and joking could be one of us for a week. He is worse than unkind, he is—"

"Hush, little sister. We musn't betray our own. Don't say any more."

"Oh, Mrs. Armitage is upstairs. She can't hear what we're talking about. I most wish she could. She's too sweet and nice to marry Thayer; he'll only be cruel to her like he is to everyone else when she really belongs to him." Again the elder sister admonished the younger to loyalty and caution and skilfully changed the subject to less dangerous topics.

They came out upon the piazza later, but the hammock was empty. Katherine was far down in the violet bed, a guilty eavesdropper, yet with a sense of relief mingled with a sharp pang, over the unexpected revelation. The remembrance of Thayer's careless offhand ways, his deference to her, his ready repartee, came to her with a dull wonder. How were girls to know the real man when he could wear so deceiving a mask when on guard? It seemed so cowardly to visit his selfishness on his sisters; yet she supposed many people did. She herself was not exempt. She was not always the angelic being of the social world the next morning in the duller home round. She must not be too hard on Thayer, yet she was. She felt a fierce desire to tell him what she thought of him. He was not the man for her, yet somewhat to her own surprise her heart was not broken. She even felt a curious sensation of elation and relief and knew her decision was made in regard to at least one of the three suitors for her favor.

She went home the next day. Once on the train she was lost in thought. Suddenly she looked up to see a smiling old woman laden with bundles coming down the aisle. The local car was crowded. Katherine made room beside her. The woman was not long silent. She beamed on the girl who had so courteously shared her seat. Once she had settled herself and her many packages she started conversation with her very attractive fellow passenger.

"Are you goin' on to Edgewood? Well, so'm I. I got on at Miles. Pa he drove me over from the farm. I did hate to leave him all alone, but then Almiry Ellen she will cook for him an' see that his bed is aired good. He says I must go to Jim's for a spell. He's our boy, an' his wife's awful pindlin', an' I'm goin' to help her out. I suppose now you're a real society girl in Edgewood. Mebbe you know a Miles boy that I read in the paper had been visitin' there? I'd jest like to see Alec Mackenzie. They say he's made a lot of himself in Boston. I knew he would. His pa had the farm next to ours, and I knowed 'em all well. His ma was way up. Folks wondered why she ever took David; not that he wasn't a mighty upright good man, but she was from the city an' educated up in the nineties. Her folks were swell, an' she could have anybody. They bought David the farm an' put money in the bank for Alec. But they lost most of their money before they died, an' Alec's ma was too sort of brittle to last long on a farm. She was like this fine chiny, yet with lots of grit. Alec's just like her. His eyes soft an' kind an' his jaw set more'n hers, though hers wasn't weak like. He was the best son; wasn't a bit spoiled. An' he just loved his sister, but she wasn't strong an' died when she was fifteen. After his ma went Alec come home from college an' helped his pa. Then he married

again—his pa did—an' Alec finished his schoolin' an' got his present fine place from cousins of his ma's. An' he ain't a bit stuck up. He come up to see us last time he was home, an' he was jest the same. His ma—step, not real—says he's jest fine. An' she ain't overly easy on folks. She sort o' dreaded his first visit home, knowin' how he set by his ma an' she so different. But he was jest as polite to her as if she wa'n't one of the family, an' always lookin' out for his pa. But I tell you that boy misses his own ma. He's jest that kind, never forgits, an' yet he don't say much! He's the kind as is hankerin' fer a home an' wimmin folks. If you ever meet him, you'll know he's the straight ticket, Alec Mackenzie is 'cause I know all about him. I've ben to his house an' stayed days; an' the love between him an' his ma was mighty uncommon. Well, if we ain't to Edgewood. Am awful glad I met you. Oh, you're Miss Armitage? Well, if you would carry my basket. My, ain't you good to offer. It's full of eggs for Jim's wife an' I've my telescope."

More than one passenger looked with pleased appreciation at the spectacle of a handsome, beautifully dressed young woman meekly carrying with utmost care a splint basket evidently filled with fragile articles, in the wake of a beaming old lady laden with bundles and plainly belonging to an entirely different walk in life. Katherine's mind was too busy with a train of thought suggested by her traveling companion to notice the interest she was creating, but she saw the old woman safe in the arms of her son, and relinquished the basket of eggs to him. Then she jumped into a waiting cab outside, her mind refusing to eliminate her late incident. She could well imagine Alec Mackenzie as the hero of the quiet farm drama. She could feel with him his amazement and revolt over his mother's successor "so different from her." She could understand his staying away until he could treat her as his father's wife should be treated. She hoped he wouldn't call to-night. She wanted to think. She wished Dixon Bartlett wasn't so compelling! When the cab drew up at her door she was still turning the puzzle over and over in her thoughts with the solution no nearer.

Later in the evening Katherine, clad in her new gown of thin mull and lace, her shapely head crowned with braids of raven hair, a refreshing change to the man before her from the prevalent horror of English buns and swelling tumors, met her guest. Dixon Bartlett drank in her loveliness as he held her captive by his rare charm of manner and command of English. Seldom did he care to exert himself to such an extent. The beautiful young woman before him was worth the effort, he decided.

"I did not expect to see you," Katherine had said when he came in.

"I rushed business. I was impatient to come back when no letter came. I want my answer, Katherine." His voice was vibrant with feeling.

"Oh, don't hurry me, please. I must have time. I am not sure," Katherine began, her voice troubled, her eyes lowered.

At once the man's tone changed. His eagerness was relegated to the background. He was again merely the interested friend. Katherine felt the fleeting distrust which sometimes haunted her melt away under the sway of the man's personality. It was only when he bade her good-night that he allowed his handsome, keen eyes to show his feeling.

"Don't keep me waiting too long," he urged in his low, persuasive voice.

Katherine slipped up the stairs to her room, careful not to disturb her mother whose bedtime was systematically at eight. She smiled happily to herself as she undressed. She had never liked Bartlett so well, never felt his power as to-night. Oh, what an undecided, weak creature she was, for Alec's eyes would follow her even now. Katherine's belief in prayer was strong and powerful. Her religion was of the old faith. She was tossed about in her mind. She longed unspeakably for

guidance. She must decide soon between these two men each of whom influenced her with unusual yet far different power. She fell on her knees, and poured forth her perplexities and doubts with the fervor and expectancy of a child. Then she fell asleep with a child's abandon.

The second day the mail brought her a letter in an unknown hand. The postmark was of a town in which as far as she was aware she knew no one. In woman fashion she pondered over it and over the unfamiliar writing before she opened the envelope and drew out several closely written sheets. With growing interest she read it to the end.

"My dear Miss Armitage," it ran. "I do not know whether I am doing a wise or a foolish thing in writing you. I have heard that Dixon Bartlett is paying you devoted attention, but that there is yet no engagement or at least announcement of it. With all the strength of my being I urge you, if it is not too late, to think well before you marry him. Don't throw this down and in your scornful indignation refuse to read further. Personally I have nothing to gain or lose, but I cannot bear to think of the woman you are represented to be as thrown away upon the man I know so well. Mr. Bartlett married my younger sister six years ago. He was madly in love and so was she. It was a most unhappy marriage. I saw my lovely sister fade away and die before my eyes under Dixon Bartlett's neglect and cool indifference. Before her death he was greatly attracted by my cousin. She refused to let him visit her, but eventually yielded to his great personal charm and persuasiveness and agreed to receive him on strictly a friendly basis. To this he agreed, knowing full well that when he was ready he could achieve his own ends. My sister had been dead but a few months when they were engaged. Owing to my cousin's father's serious illness the marriage was postponed from time to time. As usual Dixon tired of the girl. He threw her off in the most wanton manner. She has only lately begun to see that the jilting was her salvation. Miss Armitage, I am not writing this in a spirit of revenge or to create a cheap sensation. But I cannot bear to look on and see another woman made wretched by this man who is incapable of lasting devotion to anyone. He longs to whet his appetite by novel sensations. He is under the spell now of your undoubted attractions, but believe me, he cannot be trusted. He will treat you as he did the two beautiful women—and I know not how many more—before you. If you doubt my word ask your friend Irma Valentine about me. If you wish further proof I can furnish letters which will convince you of the truth of my statements."

"Very sincerely yours,  
"ELIZABETH VAN ARDEN."

Katherine had often heard Irma speak in the highest terms of Miss Van Arden. She did not, however, need that assurance nor the sight of the letters to convince her of the truth of the statement before her. The old latent distrust sprang up in her heart afresh. Another narrow escape. She saw Bartlett stripped of his charming outward guise, and her soul revolted from the clearer vision. What a blind fool she had been! At last she knew her own mind—knew which of her three suitors was the real owner of her heart. Doubt, uncertainty, vacillation fell from her as if by magic. She ran upstairs to her desk and wrote her letter to the right man. It was short, but the receiver did not criticise its brevity. Tearing it open he read with beating heart:

"Dear Alec: Forgive me for the suspense. I know now what waiting means. Come. KATHERINE."





# A VEXATIOUS VALENTINE

By Harriet Whitney Durbin

Illustrations by Remington Schuyler

**A**MOS BURBRIDGE took his foot from the wagon step where he had just placed it, and stood listening, holding the lines in one muscular hand.

A cheerful call of: "A-a-mos," had come ringing down the frosty walk from the kitchen door.

The voice was clear, and the air was clear, and he caught the sound distinctly; nevertheless, he turned slowly about and held his hand to his ear, as if in doubt—a sly artifice on his part, that he might hear the call repeated.

Again it came, crisp, yet mellowly modulated: "A-a-mos—wait a minute."

He nodded this time, hitched the lines about a post and went back to the lane gate as Priscilla came stepping alertly down the path, tying the strings of a large gingham apron.

Amos smiled, pulling from his pocket a narrow strip of brown manila paper. "Melissa's forgot something, as sure as goobers—though I did think by the looks of her list it'd take a sample of everything in Dodson's store to fill it. What is it—soap—soda—"

"Vanilla flavoring," laughed Priscilla. "She said don't you forget it, if you want any tea cake for supper."

"All right," he jotted the item, "there 'tis. How'd you get back from Marshville so sudden? We didn't look for you before to-morrow."

"No—I concluded to come with the Gardners; had'n't more than got in the door and my hat off when Melissa ran me out to tell you about the flavoring."

"Have a nice visit, Priscilla?"

"Ye-es." Priscilla's face took on a mixture of expressions. It was quite an expressive face, Priscilla's, though not a pretty one;

it was too narrow and the forehead too high, and it lacked color; but the eyes were an attractive dark brown with a topaz light, and when Priscilla smiled an unsuspected dimple came out in each cheek. "I—I heard some news, Amos; maybe it's got to Buckeye by now; about an old friend of yours. Heard it?"

Amos nodded a Yes, laughing a little to hide a trace of embarrassment. "I heard Mrs. Applebee—and Reelie were coming back to Buckeye, to settle on the old place again."

"Yes." Priscilla smiled with solute cheerfulness. "I'm going to see them as soon as they get to rights."

Amos turned to untie the lines. "It's mighty nice to have you home again," he called, smiling back over his shoulder.

Priscilla's dimples came to light for a moment, then vanished as she went along the frozen path to the kitchen. The subject of Reelie Applebee brought up unpleasant associations. And she wished she did not have to tell Melissa the news—Melissa's tongue had such an aptness for raking the raw places in one's memory. But Melissa would know of it sooner or later, and she might as well get the matter over with. Her apprehensions were justified in this instance, regarding the result of so doing.

"The everlasting little snip!" was Mrs. Melissa's opening attack, "what in the nation is she coming back here for? Nothin' wouldn't do her but she must get to town—now, let her stay there. A mighty good thing it was for Buckeye to get shet of her—all she could do was frisk 'round and befuddle the fool men with them sassy black eyes. Did you go and tell Amos she was coming?"

"Why, yes; but he had already heard it—"

"No matter if he had; if I'd been in your place I'd never mentioned her. It'll just set him studyin' about her—make him think you expect him to go runnin' after her again, and next thing, that's what he'll do! I would think you'd learned some sense by this time, Priscill."

"If he wanted to run after her again, he would, no odds whether I spoke or didn't speak," Priscilla essayed to head off Melissa's stream of criticism.

"Fiddlin's! If a man chooses to walk a fool's path, there's no sense in slickin' it out for him and making it easy, is there? But you'd never listen to reason. If you had, you'd have took Amos yourself when he asked you,

four good years back; then it wouldn't mattered about her comin' now—good-for-nothing flyabout she is!"

Priscilla sighed; it was wearisome traveling over the same old road of reasoning with Melissa, and it never led anywhere. Nevertheless, she tried it patiently once more.

"You know why I didn't take Amos when he asked me—he had asked Reelie first and been refused, and I'd always have been imagining he cared most for her. He said he'd got over wanting her, and probably thought so, himself, but I wasn't sure of it, and I couldn't have stood it to be afraid all the time that he was thinking of her and wishing she hadn't said No. If he should ask me again this minute I wouldn't say Yes, unless I was plumb sure he didn't care for Reelie any more."

"Fiddlin's," scoffed Melissa, again, "don't seem like you got cat-sense. If no girl wouldn't take a man 'cause he'd happened to ask some one else before he did her,

'em squabbling and fussing with one another about you!"

"They was a plumb nuisance; there was too many of 'em—that was the trouble." Mrs. Applebee's sigh expressed reminiscent annoyance over Reelie's numerous lovers. "I don't reckon you know what it is Priscilla, but I tell you it was awful tryin'. Reelie couldn't pick amongst such a lot; and she's been getting so pizen partic'lar, it 'most wore my patience out. One wasn't tall enough to suit her, and another's nose was too hooked-y, and so on. I wouldn't wonder much but what she'd wind up by taking one of the country fellers she mitted long ago." Mrs. Applebee laughed, as if such a climax would be a great joke. "Land knows, there was enough of them; some of 'em's consoled themselves, I hear, and some haven't. There's Amos Burbridge—I kind of reckoned you'd catch onto him, Priscilla, after he got over feelin' bad about Reelie."

A swift red shot up to the edges of Priscilla's brown hair; she felt strangely tongue-tied, but Mrs. Applebee's laugh covered the lack of a reply. "I reckon," the latter observed, "Amos is one of them kind that stay faithful to their first love, even if it's hopeless. We've been hearing heaps about what a fine, steady fellow he's got to be—not that he ever was wild and frisky, like some, but seems like he improves as he gets along; and they say he's got two tip-top farms and doin' elegant with both of 'em. I don't s'pose he'd be such a bad bargain for a girl, even one that's had all Reelie's chances."

Reelie giggled over the silk thistles she's was working on a cushion cover. "You tell Amos," she said to Priscilla, who had begun to button her jacket and refasten the brown veil over her hat, "that I say it's a wonder he wouldn't get over here and see his old friends, after all this long time."

Priscilla delivered the message to Amos, upon her return home, who received it with a noncommittal grin. "Reckon I'll have to go and see her for old friendship sake, then," he said, in a voice which told nothing of any sentiment that might have lurked behind the words.

A few days later, Amos duly made his opening call upon Reelie Applebee, and peppery and pungent grew the comments of Mrs. Melissa thereafter, over the frequency with which other calls followed.

"A body would think he'd learned a little gumption in four years," she observed to Priscilla, "but a bat ain't a patchin' to a man for blindness. A one-eyed woman would know Reel had been countin' on landing a big fish in the city, and 'cause she didn't succeed she's come back to toll Amos into her webs again—now that he's gettin' along so well in the world. If she was made out o' tissue paper I couldn't see through her plainer than I do."

And to Priscilla it seemed as if the necessity had come of folding away for the second time the web of a possible romance that Hope had been busily weaving in her secret thoughts.

As the dull, sullen month of February began to draw towards the middle, Amos grew preoccupied. "Say," he opened one evening, a little awkwardly, as he lagged in the kitchen where Priscilla was setting sponge for raised doughnuts, "if a feller wanted to ask a girl to have him and couldn't hardly get his nerve up to it, how do you think it would do to pop the question in a valentine?"

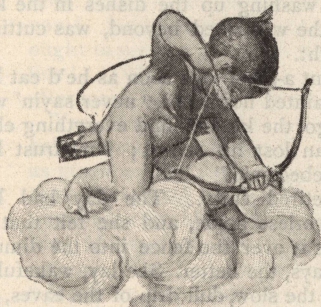
Priscilla's cook book was open on the table before her, and she was following her recipe by the light of an oil lamp. "Do well enough, I reckon," she replied to Amos's question. "One and a half pints milk, one pound sugar."

"But what I mean is, do you think she'd unders t a n d it wasn't just a cut-and-dried valentine—that it was a proposal?"

"If you made it plain, I s'pose she would. 'One fourth pound butter; two eggs; a nutmeg'—"

"Well-a," Amos's tone bespoke a little dissatisfaction. "I wish you'd think about it, Priscilla; it means something to me, and you can tell better than I how a girl'd be apt to take it. Now, say I made it pretty middling plain, would she be sure to see it was a bonny-fidey proposition, and would she give me an answer?"

"Some would, most likely, and some mightn't—depend on who the girl was. 'Make a sponge of these ingredients over night. When light add flour'—"



The Master of Destinies



Priscilla

the world'd would be chuck-full of spinster-women and bachelers. I got no patience with sich notions."

And Priscilla, well acquainted with her sister's stubbornness of opinion, closed the subject for the time, by going to water her pot-plants in the window sill, while Melissa, shut off from further argument, continued to shake her head and mumble to herself over her pans of rising bread dough. In her own fashion, she was fervently attached to her younger sister, and to see her united to Amos Burbridge, (Melissa's brother-in-law), was the dream of the fussy little woman's life.

Like morning mist before a breeze, about the country side floated the news of the Widow Applebee's return, with her daughter, Aurelia, to the rural scenes they had abandoned four years before for the novel experiences of city life. An unusual swirl of chatter, even for a country neighborhood, was set a-going by the tidings; for Mrs. Applebee, a well-to-do widow, had always been a person of some importance in the community, and Miss Reelie, since her skirts had been extended to shoe top length, had posed as a beauty and a belle by virtue of her sparkling looks and gaiety of manner. Her mother had made complacent boast that Reelie had refused more offers of marriage than any girl in Buckeye township, and upon occasion of their removal to the city, had sown abroad divers hints regarding the probability and propriety of Destiny having in reserve a far grander match for Reelie than could be found in the environments of Buckeye township. Yet, after four years, Miss Reelie was returning to the old scenes with no transition of the "Miss" into "Mrs."

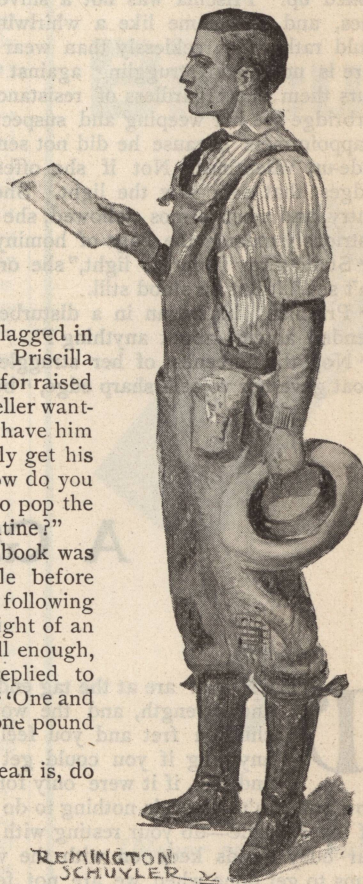
"I have heard before now," observed shrewd old Aunt Ruhama Butterly, "of gals havin' sich 'way-up notions they wasn't able to reach up to 'em, and was willin' to pick up fellers they'd refused—and glad if they could git 'em back."

Melissa Burbridge avowed that she never did have overly much use for them Applebees, and she shouldn't put herself out to run to see 'em; but Priscilla made friendly haste to pay a call to her old-time neighbors.

"Lawdy-me, you look as natural as life, Priscilly," Mrs. Applebee met her at the door with effusive greeting. "You keep your age fine—but it ain't much wonder, livin' out here amongst the hills and rocks with no eggcitement whatsoever. It ain't much like city life, with a girl on the go to balls and teas and operys the endurin' time, 'specially if she's extry pop'lar and in the swim, as they say. I told Reelie we'd just naturally have to take and get into the country again, or she'd be wore plumb to the bone with rushin' about in society and never being let alone a minute of her time—hailed here by this beau and there by that one, and som'ers else by the other one, every whip-stitch."

"Seems like it would be wearin'," Priscilla sympathized. "Reelie looks a little peak-ed."

Reelie gave her expansively dressed head a vivacious fling. "It was lots of fun, though," she declared, with her olden animation. "I just think city life is grand. Law, there's nothing going on in the country, week's end to week's end; but in the city—why, I've went to half a dozen teas in one week, and two-three balls besides. And then the plays in the winter, and concerts and summer gardens in the summer!" Reelie held up both hands to express the hopelessness of trying to tell it all. "And the beaux! You can't imagine, Priscill, what fun it is to have a lot of



REMINGTON SCHUYLER

Amos



"Oh, Sam Hill!" roared Amos, irritated out of his usual placidity, "you're thinking more about them pesky pancakes than what I'm saying! I don't believe you care an oat-straw about me and my affairs."

Resentfully he swung out of the room, and Priscilla, who had broken the second egg into her earthen crock, looked after him with reproach in her eyes; then she hurled the egg shell into the stove-hearth and beat her sponge so fiercely that her doughnuts were subsequently pronounced the top-notch of perfection.

On the twelfth of February Amos went about the house with a studiously drawn brow and a preoccupied air. Later he borrowed Priscilla's volume of "Sonnets of Sentiment and Lyrics of Love," and shut himself into his room during the whole afternoon, emerging at supper time with a satisfied smile on his face and much ink upon his fingers. On the thirteenth he went boldly to town with one end of an envelope plainly visible above the edge of his vest pocket.

Saint Valentine's day arrived in a whirling fog of wet snow. "Liable to keep it up for three days—wind's in the east," reported Timothy Burbridge, Melissa's husband, who had come in from feeding the chickens, with moist white blurs upon his back. "Contake the ground hog, anyway! Want anything in town, Melissy? I might's well ride old Dynamite down as to set around the house all day, if you do."

"And if I don't, you'll ride down anyway," returned Melissa, shrewdly, "so you can get me a package of 'east cakes.'"

Timothy returned from his trip to the village in the middle of the forenoon, looking like a belated white Santa Claus. "Here's your 'east," he told Melissa, "and I got me a plug of chewin' tobacco and an almanac at Dodson's. And here's your weekly *Tri-bune*, Ame. Oh, yes, and here's a document for you, Priscill—mebby it's a valentine."

Up went Priscilla's heart on the bounding wave of a vague possibility. It might be—anything! She caught it quickly from Timothy's hand and whirled out; she couldn't let anyone see that poppy-colored flush in her face. In the secrecy of her own room she opened the square white envelope neatly with her hat-pin, after a nervous glance at the pale address, which might be—

Out of the split envelope dropped a thickish square card bearing the neatly engraved information that the Misses Gaines, leading milliners of Buckeye, were about to close out their stock of hats at greatly reduced prices in order to make room for their spring stock.

"So much for being a fool," uttered Priscilla, flinging the card upon her bureau and seeking the warmth of the sitting-room, her fingers tingling with the frosty atmosphere of her fireless room. Timothy, running over the weather predictions for February in his new almanac, looked up with an amiable grin. "Git a valentine?"

"No," said Priscilla, shortly; "'twas nothing of any account."

She went into the kitchen. Amos was bringing in a bucket of well water, the splashed drops on its rim glimmering like opals. "Hello, Priscilla," he hailed, "did you—"

She turned her back upon him, feeling suddenly choked up. Priscilla was not a sniveler; but there are times, and they come like a whirlwind, when a woman would rather cry recklessly than wear a jeweled crown; there is no use in struggling against the tears—Nature pours them out, regardless of resistance. But let Amos Burbridge see her weeping and suspect that it was from disappointment because he did not send her his hateful, made-up valentine! Not if she offended all the Burbridges that ever saw the light. She darted into the pantry, and when Amos followed, she was rumaging industriously among the bags of hominy and dried beans.

"Stand away from the light," she ordered, sharply, "I can't see." But he stood still.

"Priscilla," he began in a disturbed tone, "are you offended about—about anything?"

"No," the fierceness of her struggle with a sob in her throat gave her voice a sharp edge, "but I don't want to

talk, and I haven't any time. I wish you would let me alone."

Desperation seized her as she felt the tears coming. The door of the cellar stairway was open. Down it she fled, murmuring that she must look after those turnips. There were no turnips in the cellar, except a few forgotten ones in a corner that had been frozen since mid-winter; and over these she wasted no time; she simply sat upon the bottom step, letting the tears overflow and thinking bitter things of Amos Burbridge.

When the freshet was over and Priscilla had launched a few unromantic sneezes occasioned by sitting in the cold cellar, she gathered herself up and ascended the steps, peering cautiously from the pantry door ere she went through. Amos had vanished from the kitchen, and Melissa was frying pork for dinner. Priscilla stole lightly through and to her own room, where she inspected her face in the looking-glass. The edges of her eyes were rosy; the end of her nose more so. When she presented herself in the kitchen shortly afterwards, she was equipped with rubbers, raincoat and a brown veil, and carried a parcel. "I'm going to Sue Gardner's," she told Melissa, "to get her to cut my new kimona; I won't wait for dinner, and I may not be back to supper."

The evening meal was well over when she returned. Melissa was washing up the dishes in the kitchen, and Timothy, in the woodshed beyond, was cutting kindling by lantern light.

"Amos went a-pikin' out soon as he'd eat his supper," Melissa acquainted her sister, "never sayin' where-at nor nothing; forgot the kindlin' and everything else. Seems like he's clean lost his senses; I mistrust he's went to see that Applebee snip."

Priscilla retired early. The day had been like a withered, flavorless apple, and she felt that the sooner she could toss it over the fence into the dimness of vanished yesterdays, the better. She lay, wakeful, for a long time, hearing the slow, dull drip of the eaves, as the snow merged into a drizzle of rain, and fancying Amos in the warm Applebee sitting-room, laughing with Reelie over the valentine proposal, and beaming blissfully at her coquettish acceptance thereof. She rebelled at the forlornness of her own lot, and only the simple, homely philosophy woven into her everyday religion—that to those who do their duty, whatever is best for them will come to them—at last tranquilized her restless mood and set her to sleeping as peacefully as a tired child.

Timothy Burbridge's prediction of a three-day storm was not fulfilled, for by the next morning the snow and rain had alike disappeared, and although the air was moist and gray, a bland breeze was fanning lightly from the south. Timothy, who had acquired the going-to-town habit, thought best to ride to the store and purchase grass seed. "Good time to sow, now," he said, "when the ground's soft and soak-y."

"You could got it yes'day, just as well," his wife reminded him.

"Couldn't, neither," disputed Timothy. "It hadn't come."

Amos and Priscilla were arctically polite to each other, and when the active work and chores of the morning were over and Amos settled down at one corner of the sitting-room fireplace to read yesterday's *Tribune*, while Melissa tacked carpet-rag strips at the other, Priscilla retired to the kitchen to make ginger cookies—not so much because there was any urgent demand for cookies, as to escape Amos's frigid company. She was speculating as to why, if Amos's valentine wooing were successful, he had not announced the news that morning to the family. Her meditations were swept aside by Timothy's return from town; he came through the kitchen, taking a letter from his pocket.

"Dodson give me this for you," he told her, "and he 'most had fits apologizin' because he didn't gimme it yesterday; but he says you must blame it on the feller that left it there day before yesterday; says he poked it 'long over the counter to him, the chap did, just when he was a-selling calico to a woman, and a corner of the calico

went over it so he never saw it, and he naturally grabbed up the whole business and slapped it on a shelf; says when he pulled the calico down to sell some more off of, this mornin', out falls the letter; then he ricollects how it must a-happened; says if there's any kick comin', the feller's got to stand up and go cahoots in the blame—didn't say who 'twas."

Priscilla had dropped the rolling-pin and taken the letter; the writing was quite black and large, and—yes, she had seen it before—

Amos heard Timothy's remarks and strolled out to the kitchen, as Timothy made for the sitting-room with his grass seed. Priscilla had opened the envelope with a steel fork, and was joyously floundering through some long-meter lines about a true and devoted heart and a love that would outlast the glimmering stars; and the dimples had come out of their late eclipse in her cheeks.

Amos stepped boldly up and read over her shoulder.

"If I don't call Dodson out! Why, Priscill, I thought you got this yesterday!"

"I got an old millinery advertisement yesterday—nothing else. And Oh, Amos, I thought you had sent a valentine to Reelie Applebee, asking her to marry you, and—and"

"And that's the reason you snapped my head off, and treated me like a door-mat, is it?"

"Y-yes; but I was so sure—"

"I'm surprised you didn't have better sense," said Amos, bluntly. "Reelie Applebee is a bundle of conceit and vanity, and I must have had more wheels in my head when I got lunny about her than I have now. I was cured of 'em before I asked you to marry me, four years ago, but you wouldn't believe it."

"You've been going to see her pretty steady since she came back," Priscilla reproached him.

"Well, I have. I didn't doubt I was clean over my old notions, but you was so plumb-sure I wasn't, I concluded I'd try myself good and fair, by going to see her now and then—but only in a neighborly way; she can't say I've made a scrap of love to her since she come. And what's more, I haven't wanted to make love. Why, she sets my teeth all on edge with her 'pink tea' chatter and her talk of how popular she was in the city. Priscill, it's a fact, the more times I see her, the more I want you. Somehow I couldn't seem to spunk up and ask you out flat again, so I beat 'round the bush with my gab about valentines, hoping you'd say something encouraging; but I'm a Jap if you didn't wizzle me up so I was half afraid to send one at all—only you got my 'Dutch' up, and I vowed then I'd send it whether or no, and let you turn me down once more for good and all, if you was bound to. I thought that's what you were trying to do all day yesterday, the way you froze me and peppered me and run off from me when I tried to get near you; and you can reckon I got pretty huffy at last!"

"Why didn't you hand me the valentine, instead of sending it through the post-office?"

"And have it slammed back at me, so far as I knew? Don't I tell you I got scared of you? Besides, I liked the notion of it coming to you through the mail, and I wanted to see your face when it came, and watch you open it—I didn't know you'd bounce off like you did when you got the millinery advertisement."

"That old advertisement! Oh, how dreadfully disappointed I was—after I'd let myself get the notion that it might be the valentine."

"Now, then, we won't have any more misunderstandings. Miss Priscilla Thompson, will you be my valentine?"

An odor of scorching cakes came from the oven. "Oh, Amos, let me get to the stove quick," cried Priscilla.

Amos stood immovable. "Will you be my—"

"Yes, yes," shrieked Priscilla, "I'll be your cooky; I mean—Oh, the valentines are burning; let me run—"

"Priscill," called Melissa, "what are you and Amos fussing about in the kitchen?"

"Valentines," Amos answered, solemnly, putting his head in at the sitting-room door, "and hearts; we've just made a trade."

## A Game of Robinson Crusoe for Grown-Ups

By LILLIAN BELL

**W**HEN you are at the tag end of your patience and strength, and the work drags and the children fret and you feel as if you'd give anything if you could get away from it all and rest, if it were only for one day, but you know you can't—there is nothing to do but to make yourself over inside—do your resting with your brain, while your busy hands keep on with the work, which never seems to get done when we are not feeling quite up to the mark, yet goes so blithely when nerves are all in tune and trim.

There are few games which interest a tired, worn out, overworked mother, yet help must be got from somewhere, or something will snap and then you will rest in a sick-bed, whether you can spare the time or not. So, rather than invite a calamity which might set you back so that you never would get caught up, try this game of make-believe Robinson Crusoe—you have not surely forgotten your childhood hero?

You say make-believe is a child's pastime? Well, turn into a child again for one day! It won't hurt you and it may help. There are a good many things the little ones can teach us mothers, if we are of a receptive nature,

Listen! And don't scorn the proposition until you have given it a fair test.

Pretend that you are cast away on a desert island and that the ship was driven by the gale high up on the sands before it broke up. Your house is that ship and each stroke of work you do toward setting it in order, you do not because you are obliged to, but because you want to. Your resources are limited to just what you have in the house. There is no more of anything in the world, as far as you are concerned. If you have a garden it is because you found packages of seeds, and make the garden yourself, full of wonder that seeds watersoaked and damaged should have come up at all. Each stick of firewood reduces your scanty supply. Each meal brings you just that much nearer to starvation. The signal of distress floating from your masthead has not been sighted in the two years you have lived here, yet each morning you hoist it to the breeze and each night you light a beacon fire, for hope dies hard.

And it is because you still hope that you have the courage to sew and to keep yourself decently clad, for at any moment relief may come.

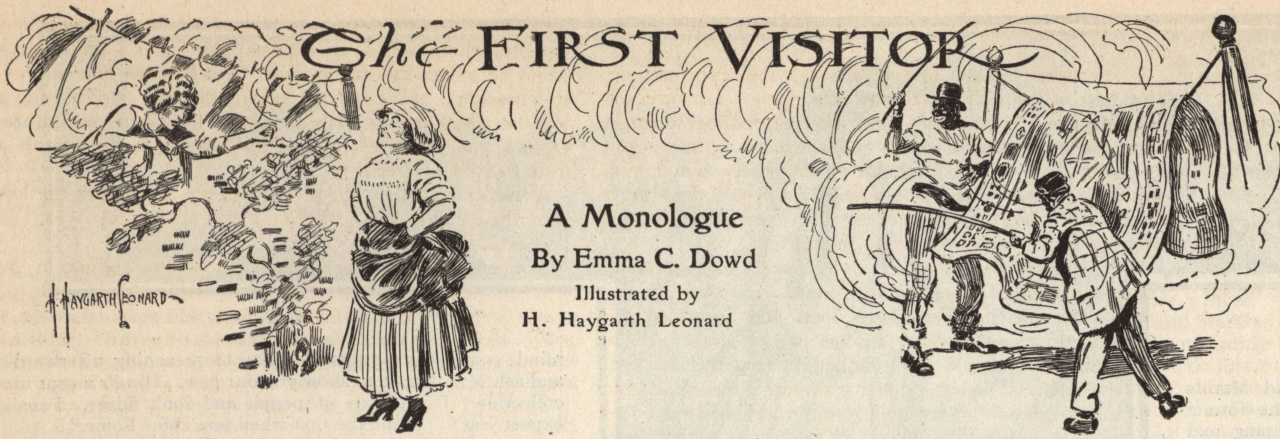
When the doorbell rings and a neighbor calls, it is the

expected help and you fall upon her neck with delight at her appearance (if you don't care for her, this part of your make-believe may almost break up the game!) or when the children come home from school, it is the relief expedition which they have organized, and your gratitude at seeing their faces again after all these years of separation will be very pleasant to experience.

You have not had the heart to eat much nor enjoy the taste of food cooked by yourself and eaten alone, but in the joy on reunion and of the explanations which follow, your appetite grows amazingly.

If for one whole day, you imagine yourself deprived of all the commonplaces which ordinarily nearly drive you distracted, by night you will be astonished by the difference in your point of view. Your body will have stayed where it was, but your mind will have traveled and stretched its wings and renewed its vigor and you will be amazed at the curious feeling of safety and security and rest which will pervade you when you realize that your day's game was only make-believe and that instead of being a poor lonely castaway, in reality you are a safe and happy woman with your children where you can reach out and touch them with your hand.





## THE FIRST VISITOR

A Monologue  
By Emma C. Dowd

Illustrated by  
H. Haygarth Leonard

**G**OOD afternoon. I am Mrs. Busby, your neighbor across the street. I thought I'd run right over, and perhaps I could help you get settled. I knew you wouldn't mind me, even if you were in a muss. (Takes a seat, but jumps up excitedly).

O, what am I sitting on? It's only a screw driver! I was terrified, for fear I was breaking something.

How do you like it here? No, you couldn't tell so soon, only since last night. Quiet, isn't it?

It's just so all the time. Mrs. Alford—she lives down next to the corner, and a queer thing to talk—she says it's as quiet as a monument. I tell you, it's an event to have a hack go by. I run to the window if I see one coming. There's Mrs. Benjamin—that's the Benjamins' next to mine, the brown house with white trimmings—she went away to the country last Summer, because she wanted to get where it was quiet. Goodness me, there isn't anything passes here once a cat's age! We had to laugh, Mrs. Ford and I. I wish the trolley went by. I like to see something moving, if it's only the banana man. Once in awhile in the night I can hear the cars squeak down on Capron Street, going round the corner there, and, I declare, it does sound cheerful.

Mrs. Ford wishes there were more children on the street, but, goodness me, if there were we should be overrun. No, I hope not! I tell them I have enough to do to keep my husband mended up without having any babies to look after. I like children when they behave, but deliver me from such young ones as Mrs. Ford's! You'd better not have anything to say to them, or they'll be in here at all hours and bother your life out. Their mother hasn't any more government than a week-old kitten. They run right over her. I often say that Mrs. Ford would be a real good neighbor if it wasn't for her children. I don't know but she'd let 'em pull the house down to make a bonfire, if she thought 'twould make 'em happy. The other day the girls dressed up in her lace curtains that were down to be washed, and she just stood and laughed! She isn't much like Mrs. Morehouse, next door. (Goes to the window.)

You can see Mrs. Morehouse's from here—that little red cottage with the evergreen in front. She certainly has the worst temper I ever saw in any living woman. She doesn't try to control it either. You'd better not have much to do with her—I don't mean to say anything against my neighbors, but I feel as if I ought to warn you about her. It's so easy to quarrel with her. She and Mrs. Brooks don't speak to each other at all; but, then, I think Mrs. Brooks is a little to blame, for she had her carpets beaten when Mrs. Morehouse's clothes were right out on the line. The wind was north, and before she knew it they were so covered with dust she had to rinse 'em all over.

You might know there'd be plenty of dirt and to spare in anything of Mrs. Brooks's. She is the slackest woman on the street, if I do say it. Why, I've been over there at seven o'clock in the morning, and seen her getting breakfast for the children in her nightgown! The way I happened to go, I just ran over to borrow an onion to put in my beans. And she molds up her bread right on the bare table! Did you ever!

Mrs. Graham says she wouldn't eat a meal of victuals there for a million dollars, but she is always racing over there to borrow something—I don't see much difference; do you? You'll have to let Mrs. Graham alone pretty much, or she'll borrow you out of cupboard and pantry. She most generally forgets to pay back anything, so it's all out and no in. I don't believe that woman ever buys any flavorings. To-day she'll borrow some vanilla of Mrs. Brooks, and to-morrow she'll run over to my house for rose or pistachio, or orange, and next day she'll go to Mrs. Griffin's for lemon. Well, it gives her a change, and it's cheap. She can't get anything but lemon at Mrs. Griffin's anyway, for she has but the one kind—she says she doesn't like any other, but I don't know!

Of all mortals Mrs. Griffin is the queerest! Why, she went to our neighborhood sociable once—the year we used to have them, and she had chipped in five cents for the ice cream; then—what do you think? she ate two big platefuls! Mrs. Beckley says she had such a time getting her to give that nickel that she was bound to see that she got her money's worth.

Mrs. Beckley (shaking her head) I'd advise you to let severely alone. She makes no end of trouble talking to one neighbor about another. She and Mrs. Harper, next door to her, were

thick as hops when the Harpers first moved in, but now they don't speak. Some fuss between Linsley Harper and Tom Beckley—but boys will get into wrangles, and it is so

silly for mothers to grab all their squabbles and hang on to them. Mrs. Harper's well enough. She puts on too many dry-goods for anybody in her position, and they say he doesn't pay his bills; but that isn't my business. If she wants to look like a fashion plate and wash her dishes in a white silk wrapper. I don't know as I care.

I'd rather wear white silk than such rags as Mrs. Wattrous does. To see her on the street you'd never dream—there she is now! Isn't she togged out? But it's all on the outside. You ought to see her in the morning! And her wash when it's on the line! (Wags her head.) I go over to Mrs. Bailey's Monday afternoons sometimes, just to see the show.

Yes, Mrs. Bailey lives next door—that house where there's a baby carriage out in front. No, it isn't her baby! Why, she's as much as fifty years old, I guess! It's her niece's boy. They think that young one is bright'n cut diamonds. If you get acquainted with Mrs. Bailey you'll hear plenty about this niece, Mrs. Montgomery Hastings. Yes, it's that rich Hastings. Goodness me, Mrs. Bailey never talks about anybody or anything but "My niece, Mrs. Hastings." The neighbors all laugh, for she'd think the world would have to stop spinning if Eunice Hastings should happen to go out of it. I never hear anything about the rest of her nieces, but, then, they didn't marry Montgomery Hastings. She's a cousin—Mrs. Bailey is—of Mr. Capen's. (Jumps up, and goes to the window.)

Yes, you can just see the corner of Mr. Capen's house. It's brick with brown-stone trimmings. Yes, that's the one. He lives there with his housekeeper. His wife died last February—lovely woman. She used to be my running-in neighbor. Guess the housekeeper's all right, though some do say she came here with expectations—that doesn't speak well for her if it's true.

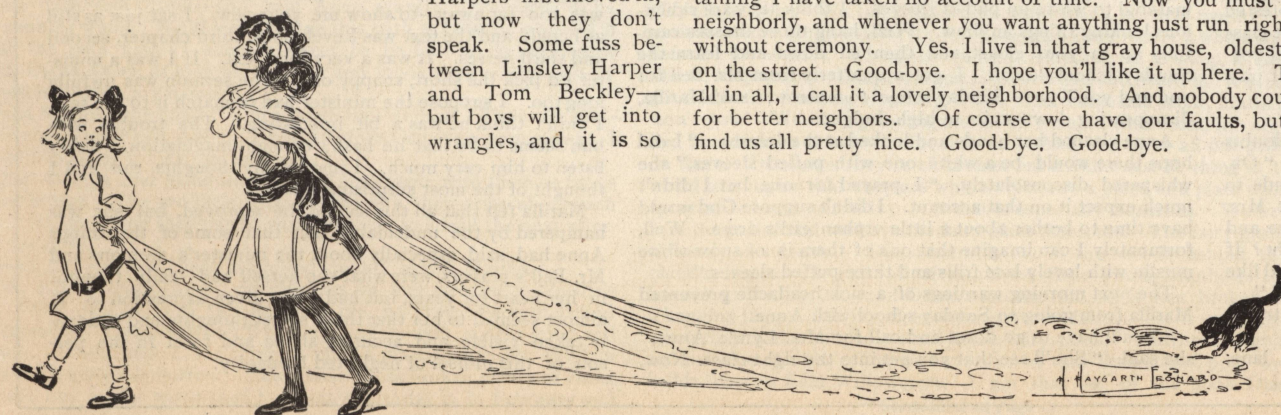
The Cramptons live in the house this side. He's just married his second wife. She's got three half-grown girls. It made an awful fuss in his family. She is a very close-mouthed person—regular sponge, I call her. She takes in all she can lay hold of, and never lets a mite go. Talk about thinking twice before speaking! I believe that woman thinks about seven times. You must be on your guard when she calls, or she'll go away with all your family history. But you won't get any of hers—be sure of that!

There go the Shaws in their new auto! He's a bachelor, and she's an old maid. Queer, isn't it, brother and sister, to live all alone in that big house with their two servants? She'll call on you

once, but she may never come again. She's queer! Folks say she takes morphine, but you can't believe all you hear. Her actions do indicate it—never marrying, and all! With her pretty face too! I should suppose somebody would have wanted her, if she'd been herself. I never did take much stock in the tales about these women remaining single from choice. Most any of 'em'd rather have a worthless husband than no husband at all, that's how I look at it, and I guess between you and me that's the way with Miss Shaw.

Mrs. Treadway told me about them first. She says that sometimes he can't find his own key-hole; but, then, Mrs. Treadway talks too much—in fact, you might call her a regular gossip, and not get far out of the way. If there's anything I hate, it is a gossip; don't you? She's just like a sieve; everything that goes in runs right out again, and if it gets mixed up a little, why, it isn't strange. You'll have to be mighty careful what you tell her, for she'll peddle it all over. And you mustn't swallow half she tells you; she does love to hear herself talk! There isn't any real harm nor malice in her, you know, but she just can't help repeating everything she hears, and half the time she gets facts all mixed up with fiction, and like as not she'll say you told her so when you haven't opened your mouth.

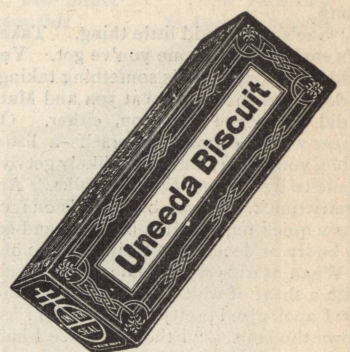
Five o'clock! Why, can it be so late? You've been so entertaining I have taken no account of time. Now you must be real neighborly, and whenever you want anything just run right over without ceremony. Yes, I live in that gray house, oldest house on the street. Good-bye. I hope you'll like it up here. Take it all in all, I call it a lovely neighborhood. And nobody could ask for better neighbors. Of course we have our faults, but you'll find us all pretty nice. Good-bye. Good-bye.



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## CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED

ACCORDINGLY, after milking, behold Marilla and Anne walking down the lane, the former erect and triumphant, the latter drooping and dejected. But half way down Anne's dejection vanished as if by enchantment. She lifted her head and stepped lightly along, her eyes fixed on the sunset sky and an air of exhilaration about her. Marilla beheld the change disapprovingly. She could not rid herself of the notion that something in her scheme of punishment was going askew. Anne had no business to look so rapt and radiant.

Rapt and radiant Anne continued until they were in the presence of Mrs. Lynde, who was sitting knitting by her kitchen window. Then the radiance vanished. Penitence appeared on every feature. Before a word was spoken Anne went down on her knees before the astonished Mrs. Rachel and held out her hands beseechingly.

"Oh, Mrs. Lynde, I am so extremely sorry," she said with a quiver in her voice. "I could never express my sorrow, not if I used up a whole dictionary. I behaved terribly to you—and I've disgraced the dear friends, Matthew and Marilla, who have let me stay at Green Gables although I'm not a boy. I'm a wicked and ungrateful girl, and I deserve to be punished and cast out by respectable people forever. It was very wicked of me to fly into a temper because you told me the truth. Every word you said was true. My hair is red and I'm freckled and skinny and ugly. What I said to you was true, too, but I shouldn't have said it. Oh, Mrs. Lynde, please, please, forgive me. If you refuse it will be a lifelong sorrow to me. You wouldn't like to inflict a lifelong sorrow on a poor little orphan girl, even if she had a dreadful temper? I am sure you wouldn't. Please say you forgive me, Mrs. Lynde."

Anne clasped her hands together, bowed her head, and waited. There was no mistaking her sincerity—it breathed in every tone of her voice. Both Marilla and Mrs. Lynde recognized its ring. But the former understood in dismay that Anne was actually enjoying her valley of humiliation. Where was the wholesome punishment upon which she, Marilla, had plumed herself?

Good Mrs. Lynde, not being overburdened with perception, did not see this. She only perceived that Anne had made a thorough apology and all resentment vanished from her kindly heart.

"There, there, get up, child," she said. "Of course I forgive you. I guess I was a little too hard on you, anyway. I'm such an outspoken person. You mustn't mind me, that's what. It can't be denied your hair is terrible red; but I knew a girl once whose hair was every mite as red as yours when she was young, but when she grew up it darkened to a real handsome auburn. I wouldn't be a mite surprised if yours did, too."

"Oh, Mrs. Lynde!" Anne drew a long breath as she rose to her feet. "You have given me a hope. Oh, I could endure anything if I only thought my hair would be a handsome auburn when I grew up. It would be so much easier to be good if one's hair was auburn, don't you think? And now may I go out into your garden and sit on that bench under the apple-trees while you and Marilla are talking? There is so much more scope for imagination out there."

"Laws, yes, run along, child. And you can pick a bouquet of them white lilies over in the corner if you like."

As the door closed Mrs. Lynde got briskly up to light a lamp.

"She's a real odd little thing. Take this chair, Marilla; it's easier than the one you've got. Yes, she certainly is an odd child, but there is something taking about her after all. I don't feel so surprised at you and Matthew keeping her as I did—nor so sorry for you, either. Of course, she has a queer way of expressing herself—a little—too—well, too forcible, you know; but she'll likely get over that now that she's come to live among civilized folks. And then, her temper's pretty quick, I guess; but there's one comfort, a child that has a quick temper, just blaze up and cool down, ain't likely to be sly or deceitful. I kind of like her."

When Marilla went home Anne came out of the orchard with a sheaf of white narcissi in her hands.

"I apologized pretty well, didn't I?" she said as they went down the lane. "I thought since I had to do it I might as well do it thoroughly."

"You did it thoroughly enough," was Marilla's comment. Marilla was dismayed at finding herself inclined to laugh over the recollection. She had a feeling that she ought to scold Anne for apologizing so well. She compromised with her conscience by saying severely: "I hope you won't have occasion to make many such apologies. I hope you'll try and control your temper now, Anne."

"That wouldn't be so hard if people wouldn't twit me about my looks," said Anne with a sigh. "I don't get cross about other things."

"You shouldn't think so much about your looks, Anne. I'm afraid you are a vain little girl."

"How can I be vain when I know I'm homely?" protested Anne. "I love pretty things; and I hate to look in the glass and see something that isn't pretty. It makes me feel sorrowful—just as I feel when I look at any ugly thing. I pity it because it isn't beautiful."

"Handsome is as handsome does," quoted Marilla.

"I've had that said to me before, but I have my doubts about it," remarked Anne, sniffing at her narcissi. "Oh, aren't these flowers sweet! It was lovely of Mrs. Lynde to give them to me. I have no hard feelings against Mrs. Lynde now. It gives you a lovely feeling to apologize and be forgiven, doesn't it? Aren't the stars bright to-night? If you could live in a star, which one would you pick? I'd like that lovely big one away over there above that dark hill."

"Anne, do hold your tongue," said Marilla, worn out trying to follow Anne's thoughts.

Anne said no more until they turned into their own lane,

# Anne of Green Gables

By L. M. Montgomery

Illustration by Mabel L. Humphrey

Commenced in December

then she suddenly came close to Marilla and slipped her hand into the older woman's palm.

"It's lovely to be going home and know it's home," she said. "I love Green Gables already, and I never loved any place before. No place ever seemed like home. Oh, Marilla, I'm so happy. I could pray right now and not find it a bit hard."

Something warm and pleasant welled up in Marilla's heart at touch of that thin little hand in her own—a throb of the maternity she had missed, perhaps. Its unaccustomedness and sweetness disturbed her.

"If you'll be a good girl you'll be always happy, Anne. And you should never find it hard to say your prayers."

"Saying one's prayers isn't exactly the same thing as praying," said Anne. "But I'm going to imagine that I'm the wind that is blowing up there in those tree-tops. When I get tired of the trees I'll imagine I'm gently waving down here in the ferns—and then I'll fly over to Mrs. Lynde's garden and set the flowers dancing—and then I'll go with one great swoop over the clover field—and then I'll blow over the Lake of Shining Waters and ripple it all up into little sparkling waves. Oh, there's so much scope for imagination in a wind! So I'll not talk any more just now, Marilla."

## CHAPTER XI.

### ANNE'S IMPRESSIONS OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL

"WELL, how do you like them?" said Marilla.

Anne was standing in the gable-room, looking at three new dresses spread out on the bed. One was snuffy colored gingham which Marilla had been tempted to buy from a peddler because it looked so serviceable; one was of black-and-white checked sateen which she had picked up at a bargain counter in the Winter; and one was a stiff print of an ugly blue shade which she had purchased that week at a Carmody store.

She had made them herself, all alike—plain skirts full of tightly to plain waists, with sleeves as plain as waist and skirt and tight as sleeves could be.

"I'll imagine that I like them," said Anne soberly.

"I don't want you to imagine it," said Marilla. "Oh, I can see you don't like the dresses! What is the matter with them? Aren't they neat and clean and new? Why don't you like them?"

"They're—they're not—pretty," said Anne reluctantly.

"Pretty!" Marilla sniffed. "I didn't trouble my head about getting pretty dresses for you. I don't believe in pampering vanity, Anne. Those dresses are good, sensible, serviceable dresses, without any frills or furbelows and they're all you'll get this Summer. The brown gingham and the blue print will do for school when you begin to go. The sateen is for church and Sunday-school. I'll expect you to keep them neat and clean and not to tear them. I should think you'd be grateful to get most anything after the things you've been wearing."

"Oh, I am grateful," protested Anne. "But I'd be ever so much graterful if—if you'd made just one of them with puffed sleeves. Puffed sleeves are so fashionable now. It would give me such a thrill, Marilla, just to wear a dress with puffed sleeves."

"Well, you'll have to do without your thrill. I haven't any material to waste on puffed sleeves. I think they are ridiculous-looking things anyhow. Well, hang those dresses carefully up in your closet, and then sit down and learn the Sunday-school lesson. I got a quarterly from Mr. Bell for you and you'll go to Sunday-school to-morrow," said Marilla, disappearing down stairs in high dudgeon.

Anne clasped her hands and looked at the dresses. "I did hope there would be a white one with puffed sleeves," she whispered disconsolately. "I prayed for one, but I didn't much expect it on that account. I didn't suppose God would have time to bother about a little orphan girl's dress. Well, fortunately I can imagine that one of them is of snow-white muslin with lovely lace frills and three-puffed sleeves."

The next morning warnings of a sick headache prevented Marilla from going to Sunday-school with Anne.

"You'll have to go down and call for Mrs. Lynde, Anne," she said. "She'll see that you get into the right class. Now,

mind you behave yourself. Stay to preaching afterwards and ask Mrs. Lynde to show our pew. Here's a cent for collection. Don't stare at people and don't fidget. I shall expect you to tell me the text when you come home."

Anne started off, arrayed in the stiff black-and-white sateen, which, while decent as regards length and not open to the charge of skimpiness, contrived to emphasize every corner and angle of her thin figure. Her hat was a flat, glossy, new sailor, the extreme plainness of which had likewise disappointed Anne, who had permitted herself visions of ribbon and flowers. The latter, however, were supplied before Anne reached the main road, for, being confronted half-way down the lane with a golden frenzy of wind-stirred buttercups and a glory of wild roses, Anne promptly garlanded her hat with a heavy wreath of them. Whatever other people might have thought of the result it satisfied Anne, and she tripped down the road, holding her ruddy head with its decoration of pink and yellow proudly.

When she reached Mrs. Lynde's house she found that lady gone. Nothing daunted Anne proceeded to the church alone. In the porch she found a crowd of little girls attired in whites and blues and pinks, and all staring at this stranger in their midst, with her extraordinary head adornment. Avonlea little girls had already heard queer stories about Anne; Mrs. Lynde said she had an awful temper; Jerry Buote, the hired boy at Green Gables, said she talked all the time to herself or to the trees and flowers like a crazy girl. They looked at her and whispered to each other behind their quarterlies. Nobody made any friendly advances, then or later on when the opening exercises were over and Anne found herself in Miss Rogerson's class.

Miss Rogerson was a middle-aged lady who had taught a Sunday-school class for twenty years. Her method of teaching was to ask the printed questions from the quarterly and look sternly over its edge at the particular little girl she thought ought to answer the questions. She looked very often at Anne, and Anne answered promptly; but it may be questioned if she understood much about question or answer.

She did not like Miss Rogerson, and she felt very miserable; every other little girl in the class had puffed sleeves.

"Well, how did you like Sunday-school?" Marilla wanted to know when Anne came home. Her wreath having faded, Anne had discarded it in the lane, so Marilla was spared the knowledge of that for a time.

"I didn't like it a bit. It was horrid."

"Anne Shirley!" said Marilla rebukingly.

Anne sat down on the rocker with a long sigh, kissed one of Bonny's leaves, and waved her hand to a blossoming fuchsia.

"They might have been lonesome while I was away," she explained. "And now about the Sunday-school. I behaved well, just as you told me. Mrs. Lynde was gone, but I went right on myself. I went into the church, with a lot of other girls, and I sat in the corner of a pew by the window while the opening exercises went on. Mr. Bell made an awfully long prayer. I would have been dreadfully tired before he got through if I hadn't been sitting by that window. But it looked right out on the Lake of Shining Waters, so I just gazed at that and imagined all sorts of splendid things."

"You shouldn't have done anything of the sort. You should have listened to Mr. Bell."

"But he wasn't talking to me," protested Anne. "He was talking to God and he didn't seem to be much interested in it, either. I said a little prayer myself, though. There was a long row of white birches hanging over the lake and the sunshine fell down through them, 'way, 'way down, deep in to the water. Oh, Marilla, it was like a beautiful dream! It gave me a thrill and I just said, 'Thank you for it, God,' two or three times."

"Well, Mr. Bell did get through at last and they told me to go into the class-room with Miss Rogerson's class. There were nine other girls in it. They all had puffed sleeves."

"You shouldn't have been thinking about sleeves in Sunday-school. You should have been attending to the lesson. I hope you knew it."

"Oh, yes; and I answered a lot of questions. Miss Rogerson asked ever so many. I don't think it was fair for her to do all the asking. There were lots I wanted to ask her, but I didn't like to because I didn't think she was a kindred spirit. Then all the other little girls recited a paraphrase. She asked me if I knew any. I told her I didn't, but I could recite, 'The Dog at His Master's Grave' if she liked. That's in the Third Royal Reader. She said it wouldn't do and she told me to learn the nineteenth paraphrase for next Sunday. I read it over in church afterwards and it's splendid. There are two lines in particular that just thrill me:

"Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell  
In Midian's evil day."

I don't know what 'squadrons' means nor 'Midian,' either, but it sounds so tragical. I can hardly wait until next Sunday to recite it. I'll practise it all the week. After Sunday-school I asked Miss Rogerson—because Mrs. Lynde was too far away—to show me your pew. I sat just as still as I could and the text was Revelations, third chapter, second and third verses. It was a very long text. If I was a minister I'd pick the short, snappy ones. The sermon was awfully long too. I suppose the minister had to match it to the text. I didn't think he was a bit interesting. The trouble with him seems to be that he hasn't enough imagination. I didn't listen to him very much. I just let my thoughts run and I thought of the most surprising things."

Marilla felt that all this should be reproof, but she was hampered by the undeniable fact that some of the things Anne had said, especially about the minister's sermons and Mr. Bell's prayers, were what she herself had really thought in her heart for years, but had never given expression to. It almost seemed to her that those secret thoughts had suddenly taken visible and accusing shape and form in the person of this morsel of neglected humanity.



## CHAPTER XII.

## A SOLEMN VOW AND PROMISE

It was not until the next Friday that Marilla heard the story of the flower-wreathed hat and called Anne to account.

"Anne, Mrs. Rachel says you went to church last Sunday with your hat rigged out ridiculous with roses and buttercups. What on earth put you up to such a caper? You are the most aggravating child!"

"I don't see why its any more ridiculous to wear flowers on your hat than on your dress," protested Anne. "Lots of little girls there had bouquets pinned on their dresses. What was the difference?"

Marilla was not to be drawn from the safe concrete into dubious paths of the abstract.

"Don't answer me back like that, Anne. It was very silly of you to do such a thing. Never let me catch you at such a trick again. Mrs. Rachel says she thought she would sink through the floor when she saw you come in rigged out like that. She couldn't get near enough to tell you to take them off till it was too late. She says people talked about it something dreadful. Of course they would think I had no better sense than to let you go decked out like that."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Anne, tears welling into her eyes. "I never thought you'd mind. The roses and buttercups were so sweet and pretty I thought they'd look lovely on my hat. Lots of girls had artificial flowers on their hats. I'm afraid I'm going to be a dreadful trial to you. Maybe you'd better send me back to the asylum. That would be terrible; I don't think I could endure it; most likely I would go into consumption; I'm so thin as it is, you see. But that would be better than being a trial to you."

"Nonsense," said Marilla, vexed at herself for having made the child cry. "I don't want to send you back to the asylum, I'm sure. All I want is that you should behave like other little girls and not make yourself ridiculous. Don't cry any more. I've got some news for you. Diana Barry came home this afternoon. I'm going up to see if I can borrow a skirt pattern from Mrs. Barry, and if you like you can come with me and get acquainted with Diana."

Anne rose to her feet, with clasped hands, the tears still glistening on her cheeks: the dish-towel she had been hemming slipped unheeded to the floor.

"Oh, Marilla, I'm frightened—now that it has come I'm actually frightened. What if she shouldn't like me! It would be the most tragical disappointment of my life."

"Now, don't get into a fluster. Anne, I do wish you wouldn't use such long words. It sounds so funny in a little girl. I guess Diana'll like you well enough. It's her mother you've got to reckon with. If she doesn't like you it won't matter how much Diana does. If she has heard about your outburst to Mrs. Lynde and going to church with buttercups round your hat I don't know what she'll think of you. You must be polite and don't make any of your startling speeches. For pity's sake, if the child isn't actually trembling!"

Anne was trembling. Her face was pale and tense. "Oh, Marilla, you'd be excited, too, if you were going to meet a little girl you hoped to be your bosom friend and whose mother mightn't like you," she said as she hastened to get her hat.

They went over to Orchard Slope. Mrs. Barry came to the kitchen door in answer to Marilla's knock. She was a tall, black-eyed, black-haired woman, with a resolute mouth. She had the reputation of being very strict with her children.

"How do you do, Marilla?" she said cordially. "Come in. And this little girl you have adopted, I suppose?"

"Yes, this is Anne Shirley," said Marilla.

"Spelled with an *e*," gasped Anne, who, tremulous and excited as she was, was determined there should be no misunderstanding on that point. Mrs. Barry shook hands and said quietly:

"How are you?"

"I am well in body although considerably rumped up in spirit, thank you, ma'am," said Anne gravely. Then aside to Marilla, "There wasn't anything startling in that, was there, Marilla?"

Diana was sitting on the sofa, reading a book which she dropped when the callers entered. She was a pretty little girl, with her mother's black eyes and hair, and rosy cheeks, and the merry expression which was her inheritance from her father.

"This is my little girl, Diana," said Mrs. Barry. "Diana, take Anne out in the garden and show her your flowers. It will be better for you than straining your eyes over that book. She reads entirely too much"—this to Marilla—"and I can't prevent her, for her father abets her. She's always poring over a book. I'm glad she has the prospect of a playmate—it will take her more out-of-doors."

Outside in the garden stood Anne and Diana, gazing bashfully at one another over a clump of gorgeous tiger lilies.

The Barry garden was a wilderness of flowers. It was encircled by huge old willows and tall firs, beneath which flourished flowers that loved the shade. Prim, right-angled paths, neatly bordered with clamshells, intersected it like moist red ribbons and in the beds between, old-fashioned flowers ran riot. There were rosy bleeding hearts and great splendid crimson peonies; white, fragrant narcissi and thorny, sweet Scotch roses; pink and blue and white columbines and lilac-tinted Bouncing Bets; clumps of southern wood and ribbon grass and mint, purple Adam-and-Eve, daffodils, and masses of sweet clover white with its delicate, fragrant, feathery sprays; scarlet lightning that shot its fiery lances over prim white musk flowers; a garden it was where sunshine lingered and bees hummed, and winds, beguiled into loitering, purred and rustled.

"Oh, Diana," said Anne at last, clasping her hands and speaking almost in a whisper, "do you think—oh, do you think you can like me a little—enough to be my bosom friend?"

Diana laughed. Diana always laughed before she spoke. "Why, I guess so," she said frankly. "I'm awfully glad you've come to live at Green Gables. It will be jolly to have somebody to play with. There isn't any other girl who lives near enough to play with, and I've no sisters big enough."

"Will you swear to be my friend for ever and ever?" demanded Anne eagerly.

Diana looked shocked. "Why, it's dreadfully wicked to swear," she said rebukingly.

"Oh, no, not my kind of swearing. It just means vowing and promising solemnly."

"Well, I don't mind doing that," agreed Diana. "How do you do it?"

"We must join hands—so," said Anne gravely. "It ought to be over running water. We'll just imagine this path is running water. I'll repeat the oath first. I solemnly swear to be faithful to my bosom friend, Diana Barry, as long as the sun and moon shall endure. Now you say it and put my name in."

Diana repeated the "oath" with a laugh fore and aft. Then she said: "You're a queer girl, Anne. I heard before that you were queer. I believe I'm going to like you real well."

When Marilla and Anne went home Diana went with them as far as the log bridge. The two little girls walked with their arms about each other. At the brook they parted with promises to spend the next afternoon together.

"Well, did you find Diana a kindred spirit?" asked Marilla.

"Oh, yes," sighed Anne, unconscious of any sarcasm on Marilla's part. "Oh, Marilla, I'm the happiest girl on Prince Edward Island this moment. I assure you I'll say my prayers with a right good-will to-night. Diana and I are going to build a playhouse in Mr. William Bell's birch grove to-morrow. Can I have those broken pieces of china that are out in the wood-shed? Diana's birthday is in February and

mine is in March. Don't you think that is a strange coincidence? Diana is going to lend me a book to read. She's going to show me a place back in the woods where rice lilies grow. Don't you think Diana has got very soulful eyes? I wish I had soulful eyes. Diana is going to teach me to sing a song called 'Nelly in the Hazel Dell.' She's going to give me a picture to put up in my room; it's a perfectly beautiful picture, she says—a lovely lady in a pale blue silk dress. I wish I had something to give Diana. I'm an inch taller than Diana, but she is ever so much fatter; she says she'd like to be thin because it's so much more graceful, but I'm afraid she only said it to soothe my feelings. We're going to the shore some day to gather shells. We have agreed to call the spring down by the log bridge the Dryad's Bubble. Isn't that a perfectly elegant name? A dryad is a sort of a grown-up fairy, I think."

"Well, all I hope is you won't talk Diana to death," said Marilla. "But remember this is all your own planning, Anne. You're not going to play all the time nor most of it. You'll have your work to do first."

Anne's cup of happiness was full, and Matthew caused it to overflow. He had just got home from a trip to the store at Carmody, and he sheepishly produced a parcel from his pocket and handed it to Anne, with a deprecatory look at Marilla.

"I heard you say you liked chocolate sweeties, so I got you some," he said.

"Humph," sniffed Marilla. "It'll ruin her teeth and stomach. There, there child, don't look so dismal. You can eat those, since Matthew has got them. He'd better have brought you peppermints. They're wholesomer. Don't sicken yourself eating them all at once."

"Oh, no, indeed, I won't," said Anne eagerly. "I'll just eat one to-night Marilla. And I can give Diana half of them, can't I? The other half will taste just twice as sweet to me if I give some to her. It's delightful to think I have something to give her."

"I will say it for the child," said Marilla when Anne had gone, "she isn't stingy. I'm glad, for I detest stinginess in a child. Dear me, it's only three weeks since she came, and it seems as if she'd been here always. I can't imagine the place without her. Now, don't be looking I-told-you-so, Matthew. That's bad enough in a woman, but it isn't to be endured in a man. I'm willing to own up I'm glad I consented to keep the child and I'm getting fond of her, but don't rub it in, Matthew Cuthbert."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE DELIGHTS OF ANTICIPATION

"It's time Anne was in to do her sewing," said Marilla, glancing at the clock. "She stayed playing with Diana half an hour more'n I gave her leave to; and now she's perched out there on the woodpile talking to Matthew, nineteen to the dozen, when she knows perfectly well that she ought to be at her work. And of course he's listening to her like a perfect ninny. I never saw such an infatuated man. The more she talks and the odder the things she says, the more he's delighted. Anne Shirley, you come right in here this minute, do you hear me!"

A series of staccato taps on the west window brought Anne flying in from the yard, eyes shining, cheeks faintly flushed with pink, unbraided hair streaming behind her in a torrent of brightness.

"Oh, Marilla," she exclaimed breathlessly, "there's going to be a Sunday-school picnic next week—in Mr. Harmon Andrews' field, right near the Lake of Shining Waters. And Mrs. Superintendent Bell and Mrs. Rachel Lynde are going to make ice-cream! And oh, Marilla, can I go to it?"

"Just look at the clock, if you please, Anne. What time did I tell you to come in?"

"Two o'clock—but isn't it splendid about the picnic, Marilla? Please can I go? Oh, I've never been to a picnic—I've dreamed of picnics, but I've never—"

"Yes, I told you to come at two o'clock. And it's a quarter to three. I'd like to know why you didn't obey me, Anne."

"Why, I meant to, Marilla. But you have no idea how fascinating Idlewild is. And then, of course, I had to tell Matthew about the picnic. Matthew is such a sympathetic listener. Please can I go?"

"You'll have to learn to resist the fascination of Idle-whatever-you-call-it. When I tell you to come in at a certain time I mean that time. And you needn't stop to discourse with sympathetic listeners on your way, either. As for the picnic, of course you can go. You're a Sunday-school scholar, and it's not likely I'd refuse to let you go when all the other little girls are going."

"But—but," faltered Anne, "Diana says that everybody must take a basket of things to eat. I can't cook, Marilla, and—and—I don't mind going to a picnic without puffed sleeves so much, but I'd feel terribly humiliated if I had to go without a basket. It's been preying on my mind ever since Diana told me."

"Well, it needn't prey any longer. I'll bake you a basket."

"Oh, you dear good Marilla. Oh, you are so kind to me."

Getting through with her "ohs" Anne cast herself into Marilla's arms and rapturously kissed her hollow cheek. It was the first time in her life that childish lips had voluntarily touched Marilla's face. Again that sudden sensation of startling sweetness thrilled her. She was vastly pleased at Anne's impulsive caress, which was the reason she said brusquely:

"There, there, never mind your kissing nonsense. I'd sooner see you doing as you're told. As for cooking, I mean to begin giving you lessons some of these days. But you're so feather-brained, Anne, I've been waiting to see if you'd sober down a little before I begin. You've got to keep your wits about you in cooking and not stop in the middle of things to let your thoughts rove over all creation. Now, get out your patchwork and have your square done before tea-time."

"I do not like patchwork," said Anne, hunting out her workbasket and sitting down before a heap of red and white diamonds with a sigh. "I think some kinds of sewing would be nice; but there's no scope for imagination in patchwork. It's just one little seam after another and you never seem to be getting anywhere. But of course I'd rather be Anne of Green Gables sewing patchwork than Anne of any other place with nothing to do but play. I wish time went as quick sewing patches as it does when I'm playing with Diana, though. Oh, we do have such elegant times, Marilla. I have to furnish most of the imagination. Diana is perfect in every other way. You know that little piece of land across the brook that runs up between our farm and Mr. Barry's. It belongs to Mr. William Bell, and right in the corner there is a little ring of white birch trees—the most romantic spot. Diana and I have our playhouse there. We call it Idlewild. Isn't that a poetical name? It took me some time to think it out. I stayed awake nearly a whole night before I invented it. Then, just as I was dropping off to sleep, it came like an inspiration. Diana was enraptured when she heard it. We have got our house fixed up elegantly. You must come and see it, Marilla—won't you? We have great big stones all covered with moss, for seats, and boards from tree to tree for shelves. And we have all our dishes on them. Of course, they're all broken but it's the easiest thing in the world to imagine that they are whole. There's a piece of a plate with a spray of red and yellow ivy on it that is especially beautiful. We keep it in the parlor and we have the fairy glass there, too. The fairy glass is as lovely as a dream. Diana found it out in the woods behind their chicken house. It's all full of rainbows—little young rainbows that haven't grown big yet—and Diana's mother told her it was broken off a hanging lamp. But it's nicer to imagine the fairies lost it one night when they had a ball, so we call it the fairy glass. Matthew is going to make us a table. Oh, we have named that little round pool over in Mr. Barry's field Willowmere. I got that out of the book Diana

Continued on page 17



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# To the Ends of the Air

An Up-To-Date Romance

By Camilla J. Knight

Illustrated by William C. Rice



"Mortal! Come in at once! Don't stay out there talking any longer!"

**H**ORRORS to Betsey!" exclaimed Miss Eudora Sprague, as a crash on the roof threatened to break it in. "What is that awful noise? Sister! What—Oh!" Both ladies sprang to their feet as the room was darkened by some large object which slipped rapidly down the space between their building and the next, and then lodged so that its upper edge was just above the window sill. The two elderly maidens gazed at each other, speechless and bewildered. Miss Una sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, but Miss Eudora, the braver spirit, determined to investigate.

"It certainly isn't anything that can hurt us, Una," she said. "It surely isn't alive." She stepped briskly to the window and peered through the upper sash, right into the face and eyes of a young man.

"Bless me!" she screamed, and started back.

"Do not be alarmed, Madam," said the visitor. "This is an informal manner in which to break in upon you, but I assure you it is not my fault. Could you be kind enough to let me in and allow me to partake of some slight refreshment? I am not an ordinary tramp, but I find myself very hungry, and as Fate has thrown me against your home, it would be an act of unparalleled mercy for you to assist me."

"Well, for goodness' sake! How in the world. Where did you drop from? And—You must have—Sakes alive!" This last as the man, whose head and two hands had been the only parts of him visible, made a scrambling effort and perched side-saddle on the edge of the sill.

"There! That is more comfortable. You see I somehow made miscalculations as to the station,—on the next roof, isn't it? I thought so. Then my wings got entangled so that my aero tipped and fell between these two buildings. It seems to be firmly caught, but the floor is not very horizontal, as you see, and it would be quite a distance to fall from here, the seventh story, isn't it? It's the top anyhow."

"Mortal! Come in at once! Don't stay out there talking any longer," cried Miss Eudora, opening the window from the top.

"Thanks," said the man, as he performed an acrobatic stoop and whirl which landed him safely in the room. "Beautiful morning, isn't it?" he added, turning to Miss Una, who had uncovered her face and was staring at him with amazement, not unmixed with admiration, for he was a comely youth.

"This is a trifle irregular," she began, rather nervously. We are not in the habit of disbursing promiscuous charity, and our maid has been unexpectedly called away by the illness of her grandmother, but—"

"But I am not promiscuous, really, you know, and I am willing to pay for my breakfast or work for it, just as you please. I am a good cooker, I really am. But first, have you a telephone? And may I use it to send word to the Aerodrome Wrecking Company to come and disentangle my machine? Thank you so much," as the still bewildered ladies indicated the position of the telephone.

"There, that is done," he said, having finished his

message. "They will come right away. Now for breakfast. Don't put yourselves to any trouble," as Miss Eudora started for the kitchen. He followed.

"Oh, what a dear little kitchen! It must be fun to cook in it! I'm so glad the maid is away. Now let me make that coffee, and sure I can boil an egg to a turn. Mayn't I have two, please? And I fairly yearn to make toast. You just sit and watch me."

He tried to help in the culinary operations, getting more or less in the way, chatting gaily the while and telling Miss Eudora many facts about himself. When he started to follow her into the dining-room, he nearly dropped the plate of toast he was carrying.

"Great Caesar's frying-pan! What luck!" he ejaculated, softly, of necessity. For within his range of vision was a Girl! And such a Girl! She was standing at the window listening to Miss Una, who was just saying, "And he's a son of Senator Leverett, we heard him say so over the 'phone."

He hesitated a moment. The resolute manner in which she did not look his way made him sure that she had been observing him on the sly, and that, now he was coming on the scene, she would play the role of indifference. He boldly marched in. She turned a little, acknowledging his entrance by the slightest look. You would have thought it was a part of her daily routine to have personable young men arrive on slanting air ships and enter through the window of her great-aunts' abode, with the declared intention of preparing her breakfast. Miss Eudora came hurrying from the china-closet and began:

"Alicia, this is Mr. —, the gentleman Aunt Una was telling you about. Mr. —, son of Senator — I forget the name."

"Leverett, Chauncey Leverett, at your service," supplied the visitor, setting down the plate of toast with a flourish.

"Mr. Leverett, our niece, Miss Standish."

"Very glad to meet you, Miss Standish."

Miss Standish responded with a cool little bow, though her cheeks did not look cool.

Miss Eudora and Mr. Leverett kept up a lively conversation during breakfast, Miss Una made a few dignified remarks, but the girl was persistently silent. They had nearly finished the meal when the doorbell rang sharply.

Miss Una answered it. Gruff, manly tones reached their ears. Her voice was heard in protest, then she called: "Sister, come here. There is some mistake, I am sure."



Mr. Leverett could not be expected to take any interest in what was going on outside. Instead, he leaned forward, fixed his eyes on the girl, daringly took her hand and said, quietly:

"I love you. I think you are the girl I have always loved, even before I saw you. Will you marry me when I get my aero mended—Alicia?"

The girl drew her hand away quickly, and got up. She would not look at him, but backed away, saying, excitedly:

"I—why, you mustn't! I never. Oh, don't!" as he was coming toward her.

"There he is, that's the chap," broke in the voice of an officer, who entered the room, and stepping up to Mr. Leverett, said pompously: "I place you under arrest!"

The girl gave a little scream, the aunts gasped, but the arrested man seemed unmoved.

"Mayn't I finish my breakfast?" he asked. "I helped cook it, you know, and it's good. And, by the way, what is it I have done?"

"He's a burglar," came in an awe-struck whisper from Miss Eudora. "And to think we—Oh gracious, Alicia, don't laugh!"

"A burglar, am I? First Leverett that ever had that title, I'll bet."

"Leverett!" snapped the officer. "Leverett nothin'! Because you swiped Senator Leverett's aerodrome you call yourself by his name, do you? Why, ladies he—"

"Guess I must plead guilty to that charge. Dad didn't know I took it."

"Dad!" snorted the officer. "Come, young man, that won't go down. You are Jim Snooks, you are, the chap that broke into the Gainstown Bank and a lot of private houses. Your game is up. You thought you could escape by sailing off in a stolen air ship, but you see you are caught. I have the bracelets all ready for you, my man. You might as well come peaceable."

"But my breakfast? And the ladies have not finished either. 'Jim Snooks.' I believe I like the name of Leverett better. Which do you like best, Miss Standish?"

The aunts gasped, one of them murmuring, "The audacity!"

The prisoner kept his eye on the girl. "Well," he said, coolly, "rather than keep the ladies any longer from their breakfast I will go with you. I may have my hat, I suppose. Good morning, ladies. I have to thank you for a very large fraction of a very nice breakfast. No doubt they will supplement it with a bite at the jail. You'd better decorate me with the jewelry, my Captain. I might resist without realizing it." Still he looked at the girl, who had paled and almost started forward at the suggestion of the "jewelry."

"You're game, all right," remarked the officer, as he proceeded to handcuff his prisoner. The latter turned as they reached the door, and said, tragically:

"I go to a dungeon cell, but I carry with me the memory of the most beautiful lady I ever saw and the—"

"Stop!" cried the girl, "I can't let you go! He is Chauncey Leverett, I know he is!"

Both aunts hurried to her, and with "My dear!" and "You poor frightened child!" sought to calm what they supposed was hysteria.

"Oh pshaw, Aunties, of course I know him. I have always known him. They sent me here to get me away from him. And I promised I wouldn't—"

With an insolent smile, the officer interrupted:

"That's no go, my lady. If you knew him, why didn't you say so at first? Just because he is handsome and makes love—"

"That's enough," thundered Leverett, trying to raise his manacled hands. "You insult that lady at your peril! She knows me as she says and—"

"There's the door bell," whispered Miss Una, as if expecting more tragedy.

The officer, being nearest, opened the door. A business-like young man entered and greeted the manacled youth genially.

"Mr. Leverett here? Ah, Mr. Leverett, we have detached your flying gear from the fire escape, and have the tackle on ready to raise your machine. I came in to ask where you wanted it taken, or whether you would come up on the roof and go in it yourself. If



you go up on the fire escape, you are right handy to it." "Mr. Bonner, Superintendent of the Wrecking Company, ladies," said Leverett. "I don't know, Bonner, as this gentleman will let me go. He has formed a violent attachment for me."

"So it seems. What do you think you are doing, Ryan?"

The officer cringed. "Sure I was sent here with his description and told he was Jim Snooks, but of course, Mr. Bonner, if you know him, it's all right."

"Oh yes, I know him," laughed Mr. Bonner. "Every wrecking company in the country knows Mr. Leverett. He's always getting into some kind of a scrape."

The officer took off the handcuffs meekly.

"I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Leverett," he said. "I was—"

"Discharge of your duty, etc., eh? All right then, only don't go around insulting ladies. Good-bye, better luck next time. Well, Bonner, I guess we'll go up on the roof to embark. You say she is repaired all right?"

"Your wings don't seem to be broken, sir, only unjointed. And Saunders, who went down to look at your aero, says it seems uninjured. It's a miracle, though. It's a wonder it wasn't good-bye machine, fire-escape and everything else in the way."

"Including myself? It is a light little chap. There it goes now. They have got it clear. Well, we'll be up in a few minutes. Good-bye, Bonner, and thank you."

Then, as the door closed behind the superintendent, he turned to the girl and asked: "How soon can you be ready, Alicia?" The aunts gasped.

"Why, I don't—" began Alicia.

"Will you go with me?" He held out his hands, took a step toward her and looked her straight in the eyes.

She hesitated, then "To the ends of the air!" she declared.

"Hooray! We'll get there, too, only first we will go to Sheldon, to Joe's. You'd rather have him marry us, wouldn't you? It's only a hundred miles and Joe is my minister brother," he explained to the aunts, "So we'll be back in an hour or so, and then my wife and I will ask you to accompany us to dinner. Alicia, dearest, get your motoring hood and coat. Got 'em? That's right." So out of the window and up the fire-escape they went, leaving the aunts at almost their last gasp.

## MISS PRICHARD'S MASQUERADE

By Ethel Hallett

**L**ITTLE MISS PRICHARD stood in the dim garret and peered about her. Through the gloom, great piles of boxes and trunks loomed darkly, and by the aid of the single shaft of sunlight that shot through the broken blind, she could see the bulky forms of two old chests.

"Such a lot of trash," sighed Miss Prichard. "I do believe this Spring I'll forget to be sentimental over it and give it away or burn it up. Does seem a shame to keep it here gathering dust and moths."

So she threw open the shutters and set to work briskly, making a pretty picture as she worked; for she was one of those plump, pink-cheeked spinsters who defy the novelists' definition of an old maid, as a bony, sour-faced creature of blighted hopes. Mary Prichard, at the age of forty, looked just what she was, a contented, useful woman. This morning as she worked, after the manner of those who are much alone, she talked aloud softly to herself.

"Here's brother Bob's gun that he made himself, not such a bad job for a boy. But it's all rusty and worm-eaten, so whatever is the use of keeping it? Then that box of birds' nests, what foolishness to have that around. The arrow heads would please John Simpson's boy—and that fishing rod could go to Tom Hastings, but what is the use of keeping those boots. They don't match, being one a mate and one an odd one. However did they get up in the garret? I'll burn those to-night."

Here Miss Prichard stopped and tugged at something white in the bottom of the case. It seemed to be yards and yards of white cloth, much discolored by years of laying and Miss Prichard laughed aloud.

"Why, goodness me! It's the old robe Bob wore when he played ghost and scat this town as it ain't been scat since. I remember he made a mask and rubbed phosphorus around the rims of the eye-holes to make him look wicked. The old deacon had a fit of sickness after that night he saw the ghost, but Bob he used to listen to all the stories of spectres being around and never bat an eye. I'd rather like to try stirring of 'em up myself." For awhile, she worked on steadily, then paused and smiled wickedly to herself, exclaiming, "What an idea—"

Silence in the garret. Another pause, a chuckle, and again a broken exclamation of "old fool." Nevertheless her eyes grew brighter, her cheeks pinker, till at last she got up suddenly, gathered up the trash and started downstairs; but near the bottom step she stopped and sat down abruptly.

"Now, there's no use in trying to fool yourself, Mary Prichard," she said with a little throaty laugh, "You know perfectly well that you intend to put on that sheet and a mask and go out on a lark this very night. They do say that old folks get a spell of madness sometimes and maybe this is mine. Anyway, I'm going to play fool."

Ten o'clock. Tight-fisted Deacon Billings, driving slowly home from town was reflecting deeply. Brother John, having died, had bequeathed to the deacon his twelve-year-old daughter and the five thousand dollars he had saved. The girl was bothering the life out of her uncle, teasing and pleading with him to give her music lessons. There was the money for it—but her uncle had other ideas as to the use of that money. To be sure it was understood that Doris was to have it, but there was nothing to prove her claim on it. People had criticised some acts of the deacon's, and some had gone so far as to openly question his honesty; so it would not do to run too contrary to public opinion. Still he wanted that money for his own use. His mind was taking sudden turns through secret passages of thought—when the old horse shied.

At the same instant the old man straightened suddenly and his hat popped off his head, as if jerked backward by an invisible string. There in the road stood a ghostly figure, with horrible cavenous eyes rimmed with fire. Before the deacon could do more than gasp, a sepulchral voice said deeply: "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "I will punish thee according to my law. Those that steal from widows and orphans shall writhe in everlasting torment."

Then the ghost vanished. Mr. Billings gasped again and stared. After a moment the horse started for home and jogged around the turn. Miss Prichard hiding in the bushes, holding her sides, pulled off the mask to wipe her eyes.

"That's given me an idea," she said to herself. "I'll do a little missionary work to-night. John Lasker will be coming home drunk about now—so here goes. Mebbe I can cure him of drinking." Scare him she certainly did, for he gave one long look and bolted, shrieking like a man gone mad. After that it was easy to flit about here and there, to appear suddenly before some miscreant, mutter a few words of warning and vanish. For an hour Miss Prichard kept it up. And as the clock was striking eleven, she let herself in by the side door of her own house, weary and wet with the night-dew, but well pleased with the evening's performance.

The next day, though cramped and lame from exposure, she was about her work as usual and all day long the neighbors dropped in to tell her excitedly of the awful apparition of the night before. Rumor had it that the deacon had made arrangements for Doris to take music lessons at once and was going to get her a piano. Some said John Lasker vowed he'd never touch another drop as long as he lived. Marshall Jones dashed whip his boy after what he'd heard and the old selectmen thought mebbe they would keep the hard-working little teacher another term. 'T was best to give her a good chance, they said.

Miss Prichard listened, with twinkling eyes.

Once alone, she confided to the old clock, that "she'd had a good lark, mebbe done a little good, but she was an old fool and ready to settle down and grow old now. But oh, how the deacon jumped!" With ready sympathy, the clock ticked loudly and to Miss Prichard's excited imagination, seemed to wink at her.

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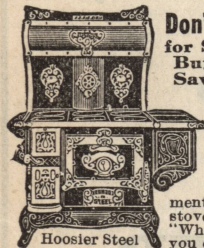
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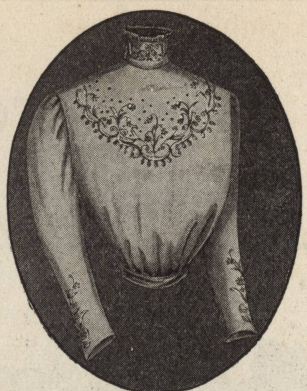
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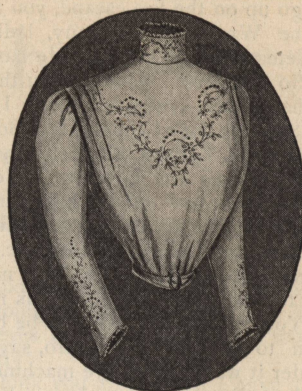
## Fancywork on Wash Material

By Cynthia Kauffmann

For information regarding anything in this department write to Miss Kauffmann, care of THE HOUSEWIFE Sewing Circle, No. 52 Duane Street, New York City.



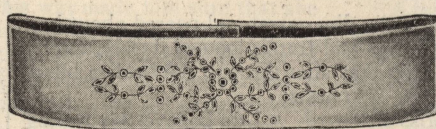
Shirtwaist No. 3183 in French and Eyelet Work



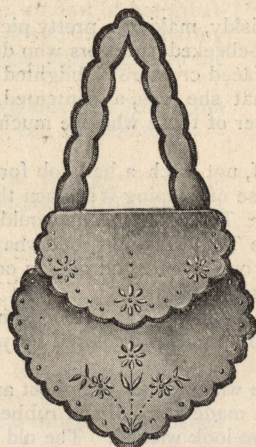
Shirtwaist No. 3181 in French and Eyelet Work

or without a fancy pearl buckle for accompaniment. The three graceful designs shown can any one of them be worn with either of the shirtwaists pictured. All are worked on white belting that has a fast edge, and for each about four skeins of floss are required.

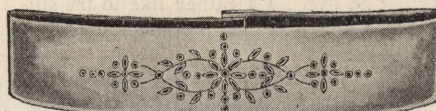
The chatelaine bag makes a convenient and pretty addition to a wash belt, and can be sewed to it or fastened on with a fancy pin. The bag can be worked in solid satin stitch or in French and eyelet. If in eyelet effect a pretty touch can be given by having for it a removable lining of colored silk or lawn which will show through the openwork, but may be taken out when laundering of the bag is necessary. The free edges of the bag are finished with buttonholed scallops, and the little flap may be held closed with a non-rust hook and eye or small button and buttonhole. With the bag the Summer Girl can feel secure as to the whereabouts of her handkerchief and change purse and yet not be compelled to carry the larger and more clumsy handbag of leather.



Fancy Belt, No. 3197



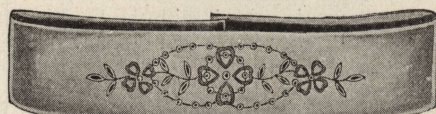
Chatelaine Bag, No. 3149 in Eyelet and Satin Stitch



Fancy Belt, No. 3198



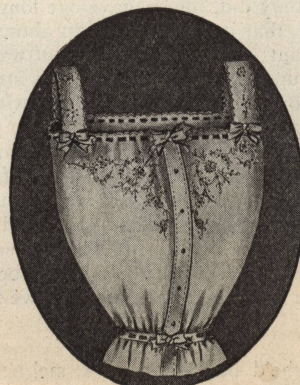
Bulgarian Bag, No. 3109



Fancy Belt, No. 3196



Baby Pillow, No. 3164



Corset Cover, No. 3185 in French and Eyelet Work



Fancy Apron, No. 3173

The Bulgarian bag is large enough for a work bag, being about seven and a half inches deep. The odd and effective design is tinted on Bulgarian linen and is then outlined with floss. While this bag does not strictly speaking come under the head of lingerie fancywork it is an attractive little article for holding the other things while they are in the process of making.

Every baby who has a mother, grandmother, aunts or other feminine admirers has several lingerie pillows for its carriage and crib—perhaps it would be more correct to say several covers or slips for its pillow, made of sheer cool India linen, hand worked with dainty sprays of flowers and maybe its own initials or first name. The pillow case pictured is about eighteen inches square and is worked with graceful sprays of flowers in eyelet and French work, then the edge is finished with a hemstitched ruffle. Usually the pillow itself is covered with pale blue or pink saten or French paper cambric which gives a delicate tint to the linen. Either colored wash silks or plain white cotton are used for working the sprays. The pillow back is of plain linen. If initials or name are added to the floral decoration either should be placed in one corner, not in the center which should be left plain and smooth for the better resting of baby's head. Without the initials the pillow requires ten skeins of silk for working.

In the last illustration is shown one of the popular tea, sewing or chafing dish aprons, such as the young hostess uses to protect her pretty gowns when she gets up impromptu refreshments for callers. It is twenty-two inches long, has a very convenient little handkerchief pocket and is decorated with an effective but quickly wrought floral design in French and eyelet work, also it is trimmed with a hemstitched ruffle. About eight skeins of floss will be required for working.

Either one of the shirtwaists shown, Nos. 3183 and 3181, stamped on linen will cost \$1.50. Stamped on India linen 85 cents each. Perforated pattern 40 cents each.

The corset cover, No. 3185, stamped on nainsook, costs 35 cents. Perforated pattern 40 cents.

The chatelaine bag, No. 3149, stamped on white art linen, costs 20 cents

The Bulgarian bag, No. 3109, tinted on Bulgarian linen, costs 60 cents.

The three belts, Nos. 3196, 3197, 3198, stamped on fast edge white belting, cost 20 cents each.

The baby pillow, No. 3164, eighteen-inch size, stamped on white India linen with back and hemstitched ruffle, costs 35 cents. Perforated pattern same price.

The fancy apron, No. 3173, twenty-two inches long, with hemstitched ruffle and strings, stamped on white India linen, costs 40 cents.



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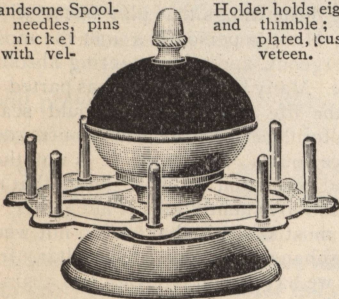
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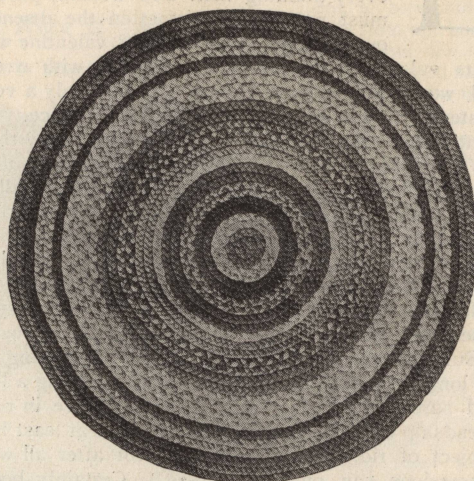
## Home-Made Rugs By Cynthia Kauffman

THE first two rugs pictured might well be called "Memory Rugs" for each embodies many pleasant recollections, while to the "Boy Rug" is attached a particularly pretty sentiment, for it is made by a mother's hand of strips cut from garments cast aside one by one by the only son of the household, beginning with his first little knickerbockers and ending with his last college suit, with which he relinquished his right and title to boyhood. The "Guest Rug" is planned on somewhat the same idea, the strips which compose it being cut from garments contributed by the guests of the family, and worn at some time during the sojourn with them. Undoubtedly the idea will suggest many others to adaptive women.

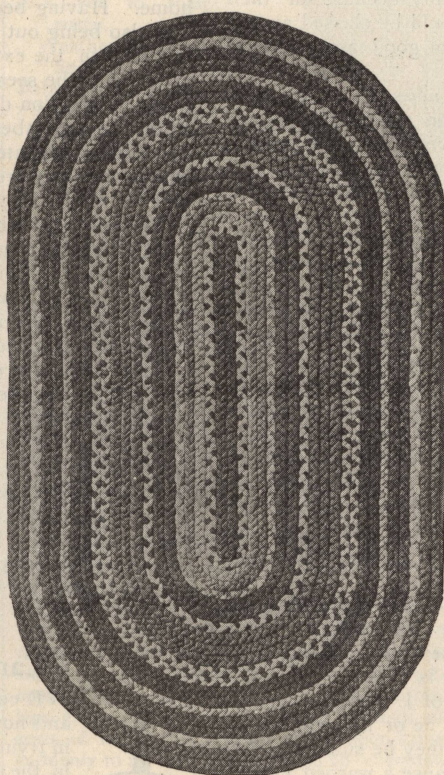
To make a braided rug which will really be a thing of beauty as well as practicability requires extreme neat-

The sewing is all on the wrong side, which looks almost as well as the right.

The hooked or drawn rug requires some kind of outline or guide drawn or stamped on burlap, sacking or other loose-woven



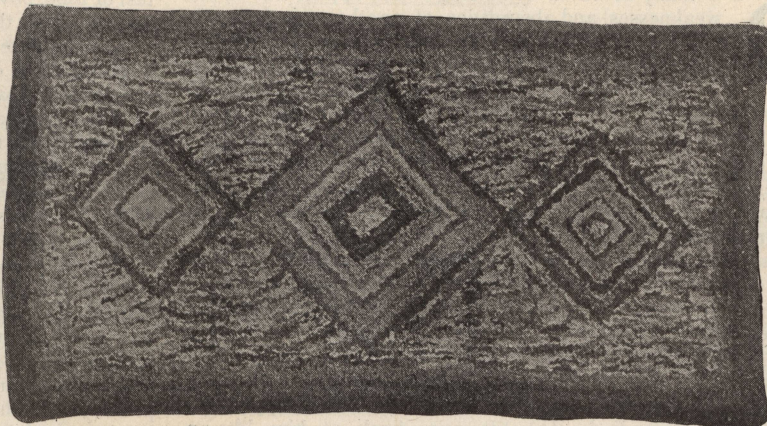
The Boy Rug



The Guest Rug

ness from start to finish. The strips should be about an inch and a half in width and cut evenly, and the colors should be combined tastefully. Three strips of one color,

yet strong material, which should be two or three inches larger all around than the size decided upon for the finished rug. This material or foundation should be stretched on a miniature duplicate of a quilting frame. The strips for working should be about a quarter of an inch wide if of heavy material, or twice that width if of lighter weight goods. The hooking is done with a simple and inexpensive implement made especially for this purpose. The strips are held under the burlap and hooked or drawn through to the right side in loops of even length separated by only two three threads of the burlap, so that when completed the burlap foundation is completely hidden. Next, the loops are clipped evenly with a long sharp pair of shears which can go over a wide surface at one clip. The more even the clipping the handsomer the rug. A brushing with a whisk broom will give a velvety look to the cut ends. Last of all the marginal burlap is hemmed back on the wrong side forming a strong finish to the rug edges. This is really all the rug needs to complete it, but rug fringe, which can be bought by the yard at any carpet store, may be sewed to the ends if desired. The rug pictured is in a simple and effective pattern such as the Navajo Indians use for their blanket or mat decoration.



Hooked Rug in Navajo Pattern

or two of one and one of another, are folded so that the raw edges are hidden, then braided tightly. Each row of the rug is complete in itself, the ends of the braid being trimmed straight across with the scissors, then joined, as is each row to the next, with a stitch known in tailoring as "butting." It is not an over-and-over stitch nor yet a slip stitch, but a combination of the two, the needle being slipped through side-wise and always pointing toward the sewer. The work should be done on a flat surface.

While woolen goods should be used as far as possible for the rug strips, and if there is not sufficient of the desired color on hand white cloth or flannel can be easily home dyed, a novel and very pretty mat for the summer bedroom or sitting-room may be braided of strips of cretonne, the bright figuring of which gives an odd and effective mottled surface which goes well with the cushions or furniture covered with the same cretonne. These cretonne mats wear well and can be washed.



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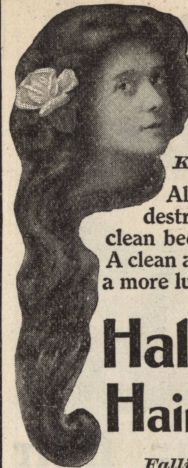
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## The Dignity of Affection

AS February Fourteenth approaches, even though the date no longer holds special significance for them, every thinking man and woman, parents especially, must note with satisfaction the absence of the hideous crudely colored comic (?) valentine which in former years vulgarized the stationer's windows with wretched pictures and worse attempts at rhyme. To-day only a very boor would waste a stamp in sending one in joke or malice. For those who want to treat the little God of Love with levity there are numerous clever ideas worked out in punning effect, but this year even these are being pushed to the background by really charming refined cards, topped with dainty little colored prints or photographs, or having well designed conventional borders that frame bits of verse which are well worth preserving, and which run the gamut of sentiment all the way from formal friendship to more ardent feelings—there is something among them to suit every case if one gets to the card counter before the rush sets in.

Surely Cupid must feel encouraged after being laughed at for so long a period to find he is really gaining a little in dignity, and surely, too, it is a sign of an advance in refinement when friendship and affection in one particular at least is not made the subject of ridicule and caricature, for after all with what better possessions can one be blessed? Certainly because of their weighty influence in human affairs both should be classed among the semi-sacred subjects with which people of good taste—natural or acquired—do not deal lightly.

The colored supplements of the Sunday newspaper have done much to degrade the popular imagination on many subjects, and through such sources the juvenile reader, even the child who is too young to read but who understands picture language, is educated to believe that affection existing between man and wife, children and parents, brothers and sisters, is ridiculous, an emotion of which to be ashamed. Is it any wonder then that the little matters of politeness, of kindness, which have their foundation in affection are in danger of becoming lost to us?

Young people who are ashamed of openly showing their love for the old folks will certainly spend little time or thought on what makes for their elders' comfort and happiness. The husband who fears ridicule if he betray by consideration that he loves his wife, or the wife who never gives outward demonstration of the tenderness she has at heart is wandering dangerously near to the path which leads to the graveyard of married happiness. The human being who is ashamed to acknowledge a true friend before the whole world because his garments are a season or so behind the style, or his speech devoid of the smoothness which comes with education, has more cause by far to be mortified by his own smallness of character.

"And the greatest of these is charity"—men of learning say a mistranslation of Holy Writ put "Charity" in St. Paul's mouth when he meant to say "Love," and those who are disposed to decry love and friendship—for friendship is love of very noble kind—should read that thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians carefully from beginning to end, after which he or she will not be disposed to ridicule either, unless indeed they be suffering from misplaced affections which of course will cause a warped view to be taken of all affairs until a cure is effected.

L. D. R.

## The Relative Values of Life

HOW many of us in criticizing what appear to be the weaknesses and absurdities of another life judge it from what is the only fair standpoint—the relative values of the joys and sorrows contained in it.

It is not a poignant grief which makes life unable to bear—active grief and joy are both stimulants which balance each other and strengthen our hold on existence. It is the long drawn out monotony of an uneventful life which becomes unendurable to a sensitive and nervous nature—a nature which is conscious of its greater capacities and unsatiated longings for a deeper realization of life.

The sordid struggle for material things too often brings poverty of spirit in its train. We have no time to read poetry or indulge in sentiment of any kind and when we have surrounded ourselves with material riches find to our consternation that we have bought all this at the price of our soul's own wealth which being neglected is now lost to us, and without which all else is as nothing. Many a man after living that much applauded strenuous existence, finds that life grins back at him like an empty skull. The material world must at all times be subordinate to the spirit within us which we should strive to enrich and preserve in its youthful warmth, health and purity that it may not slip from us altogether.

I. M.

## Work or Idleness for the Unmarried Woman?

EVERYBODY knows that the hardest people to help in life are those who are too proud to complain, and would rather starve than to tell of their poverty, but not everyone will believe that those who most deserve sympathy are the ones who get the least. Many tears are shed for the poor girl obliged to earn her own living, and attention called to the many difficulties and sorrows that are her portion, but often the wage earner is happy and independent in comparison with the young woman in a home of luxury, who often would like nothing better than to cut loose from society, and everything the world thinks enjoyable, to go out and earn her own money to keep from eating out her heart in idleness and disappointment.

The very best of parents feel slighted and aggrieved when their daughters do not marry within a reasonable time. No matter what they may say about the sorrow of losing their children by marriage, nevertheless there is the fond pride and satisfaction when they are sought in marriage, and though they may carefully avoid putting it in words, they cannot help showing disappointment when the rose is "left to wither on the parent stem."

It is this fact that often makes girls rush into matrimony, when the first man offers himself.

The girl who is no longer a bud cannot avoid unhappy times everywhere, simply because there seems to be no place for her. The younger girls patronize her or frown upon her, and it is impossible for her to be a dignified chaperone. If she remains at home from social functions someone starts the story that she has been disappointed in love or else is going in for a career, two things supposed to be fatal to matrimonial prospects, so she is forced to attend all social events and to keep a smiling face no matter how bored or tired or discouraged she may be. If a young man asks her to be his partner he does it in such a way as to make her feel she is an object of charity, and the matrons ignore her entirely. She is neither fish nor fowl, and is constantly reminded of this fact and usually gets so morbid that if a man does try to be nice to her she concludes he is only doing it out of charity, thus is too nervous and humble to be at her best.

And at home her path is not altogether strewn with roses, since she is without occupation other than a little round of duties. Of course if her mother be dead or an invalid, she is a useful member of the household, but that is not the type of girl who has the hard place in life to fill. Often her ways clash with her mother's views, so she is forced to keep out of everything that looks like planning or arranging the home, and yet is not free to leave that home. Having been educated with a view to getting married, and also being out of touch with the bustling business world, she is timid in the extreme, and really believes she is a worthless creature. She sees mere school girls in charge of homes and receiving attention due matrons everywhere, while she is simply a superfluous member of society. It seems very odd that mothers never dream of interfering with their married daughters, in spite of the time honored mother-in-law joke, and yet consider their older unmarried children as mere children still.

The only real help for such girls lies in asserting their independence, and getting to work. Probably this plan will cause a family commotion, but it is better than a life of unhappy idleness. In secret one young woman took lessons in stenography and calmly announced to her indignant family that she intended to have a chance to think and act for herself. They recovered in time, especially when she made a good marriage, and now they see that she might have become a soured, discontented person for her whole life, if she had remained at home.

No house can have two mistresses, and no woman who is sane and healthy can be happy doing nothing. And—let me whisper it softly—there are many more chances for the young business woman, alert and active and happy to marry, than for her sister weary of life in a home of luxury. And if the emancipated girl should never marry she will at least be a useful member of society, a thing impossible if she rusts out in idleness.

H. R.

## Can Love Grow Weary?

IF WE could believe everything that the romantic poets and novelists have told us there might be some sense in trying to defend the theory that love is the one thing in the universe that knows no change. Unfortunately, such imaginative writers are not always to be depended upon. The conditions that they picture for us, when true to life at all, present the exceptional side of life.

This does not mean that there is no such thing as unchanging affection in the world to-day. Most of us know of instances in which the love of men and women for one another has stood the test of time, poverty, misfortune, and every kind of adverse circumstance. But, this is love in its noblest aspect. This shows us to what illimitable heights true love can attain, but if all love is not like this, it is obviously a mistake to feel that the affection that has failed to soar so high, is unworthy to be denoted as "true love."

It is a mistake to believe that love, when it is "true," is so strong a factor in life that even conditions cannot change it. Even the love that was truest and strongest in the beginning may grow weary or die, from the effect of ill-treatment. Though built upon the rock of unselfishness—the only foundation upon which love can hope to thrive—it is ever subject to its environment.

Strangely enough, however, it is seldom that love gives way beneath the weight of a great tragedy. Just as the steady drip, drip of the water wears away the hardest stone—though a sudden downpour of twice the quantity of water would not even mar its surface—so, in life, it is the little things that play havoc with the stability of our affections. Many a person has met the most supreme test of the tragic emergency, and, after granting absolution, has gone on loving as before. Many a person, too, has parted from the one loved, when, for the life of them, they could scarcely evolve an acceptable excuse for the separation when confronted by the exigencies of the divorce court. In a word, it is not the big things—it is the persistent repetition of little things that make love grow weary and that too frequently kills it altogether.

The great trouble with most of us is that we do not wed the individual with whom we exchange our vows at the altar. In the picture gallery of the mind we have—during years and years, perhaps—been forming an ideal—the mental picture of the ideal man or woman, with whom we believe we might live happily. Let some person who conforms to some degree with this ideal cross our path-way, and we jump to the conclusion that the soulmate of whom we have been dreaming has at last appeared. Unfortunately, the person whom we marry generally falls short of this ideal. Then, the only way to find happiness is to adjust ourselves to the real conditions that have come in place of the dream ideals.

This is an especially hard thing to do when the qualities that offend us are those that are most persistently brought to our attention. The woman who believes that she has married the generous, unselfish hero of her day-dreams, finds it extremely difficult to live happily with a man who is forever haggling over money matters. So, too, while man may forgive great offenses, constant nagging, or untidiness, may prove the factors that break the camel's back.

There may be circumstances under which love might be dealt its death blow as suddenly as though struck by lightning, but such instances are rare. On the other hand, in many cases love has been wearied unto death by little faults that would ordinarily be regarded as too trivial to deserve serious attention.

J. R. M.





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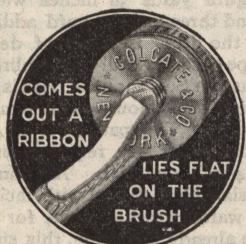
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# MOTHER'S REALM

A Department for all Who Have Little Folks

## A VALENTINE PARTY

By Alice E. Allen

Photo by Mary H. Northend

DIX and Dolly wanted to give a party. "Cause it's February Fourteenth, our very own little birthday," pleaded Dix.

"And we're twin valentines," coaxed Dolly.

"Well," said Mother. And when Mother said "Well," and smiled, things usually went very well indeed. Ten little boys and girls received invitations. The invitations were tinted paper hearts. Inside each was written:

"Dixy Dean and Dorothy—

Each a valentine—

Ask you to their

party,

Weather dark or

fine,

February Fourteen,

Half-past five till

nine."

The brass clock in

the parlor was striking

the half-hour

when the first little

guests arrived. Ten minutes later, everyone

was there. Dix and Dolly received their guests

standing under a big paper rose with pink

petals. Each little guest was given a small bow

and arrow. Then they were asked to stand in

two lines facing each other. At a given signal,

they shot their arrows at the big rose over-

head. Maybe the arrows hit the rose. Maybe

Father who stood just under it, did something.

But as the arrows flew up, the rose petals fell

down. And each one held a pretty handkerchief.

Next came a Valentine Hunt. Each guest

was given one end of a narrow ribbon. Sing-

ing over and over:

"Up-stairs, down-stairs in my lady's chamber,

Searching for a valentine, everywhere I

wander—

Wander, wander, searching for a valentine,

Everywhere I wander."

Away the happy small boys and girls all went

skipping and hopping wherever the bright colored

ribbons led. After twisting around table-

legs, chairs and sofas, and passing through all

sorts of impossible places, each ribbon came

suddenly to an end, and fastened to everyone

of them was a most beautiful valentine, with

crinkly edges and flower-wreathed verses.

After some games, the piano began to play

a gay march. Dix and Dolly led the way to a

stand on which were two boxes. In each box

were six bow-knots of ribbon—rose, blue

green, lavender, yellow and white. The chil-

dren shut their eyes

tight and each drew

out a bow-knot—the

girls from one box, the

boys from the other.

Dolly fastened hers to

her gown. So did all

the other girls. Dix

pinned his to the lapel

of his coat. So did

all the other boys.

Then they matched

colors two and two,

and away they went to

supper.

The long table was

lighted with candles in

pink and green shades.

In the center was a

bank of pink paper

roses. From this pink

ribbons and sprays of

green led to each plate,

ending there with a

pink paper rose. The

Japanese napkins were

folded in bow-knots.

Besides all the other

goodies, there were

two birthday cakes,

one frosted in green

with pink candy hearts

scattered over it, the

other in pink with trail-

ing green bow-knots

made of icing. Of course, there was ice

cream, in such pretty shapes and colors, it might

have been made by St. Valentine himself. After

supper, Mother brought in the St. Valentine's

pie. It was made of heavy brown paper, but

it looked real. Out from the edge, peeped

twelve ends of ribbon. The children formed

in a circle about the pie. Each child took an end

of ribbon. Mother said this little verse to them

two or three times. Then they all sang to the

tune of "Sing a Song of Sixpence:"

"Sing a song of winter-time,

Snowflakes drifting by,

Just a dozen valentines

Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,

Look, oh, hurry! look!

Don't you think St. Valentine

Is a first-rate cook?"

Marching slowly round the pie, the children

all sang the first four lines. At the fifth they

lifted their ribbons, ready to pull. At the sixth,

they pulled. Off came the cover of the pie, and

dangling from each ribbon, was a small heart-

shaped box of candy.

When the brass clock struck nine, the little

guests departed. And there wasn't one of them

who didn't wish, somewhere 'way own in the

depths of his happy little heart, to begin the

party all over again. Perhaps this story

will be a hint to other mammas to go and do

likewise.



made of icing. Of course, there was ice cream, in such pretty shapes and colors, it might have been made by St. Valentine himself. After supper, Mother brought in the St. Valentine's pie. It was made of heavy brown paper, but it looked real. Out from the edge, peeped twelve ends of ribbon. The children formed in a circle about the pie. Each child took an end of ribbon. Mother said this little verse to them two or three times. Then they all sang to the tune of "Sing a Song of Sixpence:"

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When the brass clock struck nine, the little guests departed. And there wasn't one of them who didn't wish, somewhere 'way own in the depths of his happy little heart, to begin the party all over again. Perhaps this story will be a hint to other mammas to go and do likewise.

## The Child's Acquaintance with Sorrow

By Helen M. Richardson

HOW many parents there are who fail to realize the value of smiles and tears upon the life of the little one within the home.

"I don't like to stay at home my mother cries so much," a little girl said into whose home a great grief had come. The sorrow was one the child was too young to understand in any other way than that it made her home an unpleasant place to be in.

Children are so responsive, in a way, as the flowers in the field to brightness and to shadow. Let a little one see smiling faces always about it and the same radiance will be reflected back, just as surely as the mirror into which you gaze reflects the gloom or the brightness of your own face.

If, therefore, you would have your child a sunbeam in your home, see to it that he is nourished in the sunny atmosphere with which it is possible for you yourself to surround it. If, on the other hand, you allow little things to fret and annoy you, forming furrows between your eyes and downward curves to your lips, rest assured that those same lines and curves will drive the sunshine from the little faces watching yours; and that your fretful tone and manner will very quickly be copied by these apt imitators.

The habit of allowing children to make their first acquaintance with sorrow through the death which often visits the household during their tender years is not only unwise but productive of serious results, particularly if the child be of a sensitive nature prone to brood over a calamity which must of necessity be to it a sorrowful and unexplainable mystery.

A too early acquaintance with grief has been the means of tinging the whole future life of a sensitive, budding nature that otherwise might have grown to healthy maturity in an optimistic atmosphere that is a child's natural birthright.

"I don't want to go in there," a little boy said in a hushed, awesome voice, pointing to the room where his baby brother lay robed for burial.

"But you want to see little brother once more, do you not?" urged the weeping mother, giving a gentle pull to the lagging figure.

"No—I don't! I don't!" the child persisted, shrinking back as the mother proceeded to open the door into the darkened, flower-scented room.

Notwithstanding his baby protestations the mother lifted the struggling form in her arms and held it for an instant where the little one's eyes could look straight down upon the pale, still face in the flower-wreathed casket. With a piercing scream the child struggled from her arms and fled. When found he was crouching under a bed in a remote room shaking as with an ague fit. It was a lesson which that mother never forgot.

Another circumstance comes to my mind in which a child was forced to attend his mother's funeral in the same heartless manner. Although pleading to be left outside, this child was compelled to sit through the exercises, and at the close was lifted to take a "last look" at the face and form of his dearly loved mother. He fainted and had to be carried from the room. The result was an uncontrollable aversion to a funeral which even his manhood's wisdom failed entirely to overcome.

These are not fairy tales, but cases of actual occurrence. There may be some stolid, unemotional natures that these sights would not materially affect; but such instances are rare. The mystery of death is for maturity to cope with, and should never be allowed to nestle down into the lap of innocent childhood.

The misguided parent who entertains the notion that propriety demands the presence of a child either in the chamber of death, or at a funeral, will do well to consider that a "child's thoughts are not man's thoughts" upon subjects that puzzle even wise, age-whitened heads; and that it is an unwise and cruel thing to thrust sorrow upon young lives that as yet neither understand or appreciate its meaning and purpose.

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Ladies' Shirtwaist No. 3176

**M**ADE of dark blue mohair the first toilette pictured is composed of two advance Spring patterns; Ladies' Shirtwaist, No. 3169, with or without applied yoke, 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, and Ladies' Seven-Gored Yoke Skirt, 6 sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure. For 36 bust the shirtwaist requires two and one-eighth yards of 36-inch material. For 26 waist the skirt requires six yards of 36-inch material.

The Front-Closing Shirtwaist, No. 3176, is here shown made of hand-embroidered white linen. It is in 6 sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. For

Ladies' Shirtwaist No. 3169  
Seven-Gored Skirt No. 3173

36 bust it requires two and three-eighths yards of material 36 inches in width. It will also look well made of silk, nuns' veiling, pongee, madras or gingham.

A very stylish form of the princess dress is shown next; No. 3156, for ladies from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. It can be made with high or low neck, and the 36 bust requires six yards of material 42 inches wide. As shown the dress is made of old rose cashmere braided with soutache of darker color.

The seated figure in this group pictures Ladies' Waist, No. 3158, with body lining and in 5 sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure, and Two-Piece Circular Skirt, No. 3154, in 5 sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. The skirt is in sweep length and closes at the left side. The waist requires one and seven-eighths yard of material 36 inches wide for the 36 bust. The skirt requires three and one-half yards of material 36 inches wide for the 26 waist. As pictured both garments are made of dark blue silk-faced henrietta, the waist having a yoke of net over white satin.

Ladies' Waist, No. 3178, with a girdle and body lining, and Five-Gored Skirt, No. 3160, are combined for the next toilette. The waist is in 5 sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, and the skirt in 6 sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. The waist calls for two and one-half yards of material 36 inches wide when made in 36 bust, while the skirt for 26 waist requires five and one-half yards of material 36 inches wide. Pale gray cloth is used for the toilette, braiding in soutache supplying the decoration. The waist yoke is made of fancy net.

Ladies' Waist, No. 3152, is shown made of violet satin combined with all-over lace. It is in 5 sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure, and the over-waist and cap sleeves are cut in one. The 36 bust requires as illustrated one and one-half yards of 36-inch material with one and three-quarter yards of 18-inch tucked net.

Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, No. 3170, is in Russian effect, and in 6 sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36 bust requires five yards of 54-inch material. The dress is here made of brown cheviot with braiding of dark brown. The buttons are of brown horn.

For a young girl the simple and stylish toilette shown on the first figure in the next group is appropriate and becoming. The toilette consists of "Gibson" Shirtwaist, No. 3153, 3 sizes, 13 to 17 years and



Ladies' Princess Dress No. 3156

Ladies' Waist No. 3158  
Two-Piece Skirt No. 3154

Ladies Waist No. 3178  
Five-Gored Skirt No. 3160



Misses' Shirtwaist No. 3153  
One-Piece Skirt No. 3163

Misses' Russian Dress No. 3149

Misses' Princess Dress No. 3177

One-Piece Plaited Skirt, No. 3163, 4 sizes, 12 to 18 years. As pictured the shirtwaist is made of white madras and the skirt of dark blue serge. For the 15-year size the shirtwaist requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. For the 16-year size the skirt requires three and one-half yards of 54-inch goods.

The Russian suit is very fashionable for misses at present, and the one shown, No. 3149, consists of a blouse gored to the shoulders and a separate five-gored skirt. The pattern is in 3 sizes, 13 to 15 years. The 15-year size requires three and three-quarter yards of 54-inch goods. As pictured the dress is made of tan homespun with black braiding.

Misses' Princess Dress, No. 3177, closes at the left side-front seam, and is in 3 sizes, 14 to 18 years. The 16-year size requires nine yards of material 24 inches wide. As shown the dress is made of deep red foulard dotted with white combined with all-over lace and red satin ribbon.

Simple and pretty is the dress No. 3175, in sizes from 6 to 14 years. It is an especially good design to use for wash materials, although it is here



Ladies' Waist No. 3152

shown in fancy flannel with a lace yoke and cuffs. The 10-year size requires three and one-eighth yards of 36-inch material.

Little guimpe dresses are always liked for Spring and Summer, so an advance design is here presented, No. 3171, with which is supplied the guimpe, and which is in 4 sizes from 3 to 9 years. For the 7-year size the dress requires one and seven-eighths yards of 36-inch material. The guimpe requires one and one-eighth yards of same width goods. As pictured the dress is made of blue-and-white gingham and the guimpe of cambric all-over embroidery.

A very pretty Empire dress is next shown, No. 3167, with which a guimpe is supplied, and which is in 4 sizes from 6 to 12 years. For the 10-year size the dress requires three and one-eighth yards 36 inches wide, the guimpe requiring one and three-eighths yard additional. In the present instance the dress is made of deep red cashmere and the guimpe of cambric all-over embroidery.

The latest form of Russian Suit for little boys is shown in No. 3151, which consists of a blouse with removable shield, and knickerbockers. The pattern is in 4 sizes from 2 to 5 years, and the 4-year size requires one and seven-eighths yard of 54-inch material. As illustrated the suit is made of Russian blue flannel with facings of dark blue velvet. For warm weather wear, for which forehanded mothers are already preparing, this suit may be made of galatea, gingham, duck, crash or linen, and may have collar and cuffs of contrasting color. Brown linen combined with white or red linen makes a practical and stylish suit for the small boy.

The tiny tot will look sweet in the pretty little yoke dress next shown, No. 3157, for children from six months to 5 years. The dress may be made with long or short sleeves and in the 3-year size requires 2 yards of material 36 inches wide. It is here made of embroidered lawn flouncing. Any woman who can embroider can make a beautiful little frock for her wee girlie, using fine India linen or Persian lawn for it, then working the little yoke in some pretty design in French embroidery, and finishing the full skirt with a deep hem and a group of very narrow tucks or letting in several rows of Valenciennes' insertion, trimming the neck edge and sleeve bands with narrow lace to match.

A Russian suit for little girls is the last pattern shown. No. 3155 consists of a separate blouse and a one-piece plaited skirt attached to an underwaist. It is in 4 sizes from 8 to 14 years, and in the 10-year size requires four and one-quarter yards of material 42 inches wide. In the present instance it is made of green cheviot with black fancy braid to trim. These Russian dresses for misses and little girls will be made up for the Summer of linen, crash or gingham with heavy linen lace insertion to trim, or bias bands of linen of contrasting color, also bands of crash worked in cross-stitch with wash floss with look effective, and may be easily and quickly hand embroidered.



Girls' Dress No. 3175 Childs' Dress No. 3171

Girls' Dress No. 3167



Childs' Dress No. 3157

Girls' Russian Dress No. 3155

Boys' Suit No. 3151



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## Anne of Green Gables

Continued from page 9

lent me. That was a thrilling book, Marilla. The heroine had five lovers. She was very handsome and she could faint as easy as anything. I'd love to be able to faint, wouldn't you, Marilla? It's so romantic. But I'm really very healthy for all I'm so thin. I believe I'm getting fatter, though. Don't you think I am? I look at my elbows every morning when I get up to see if any dimples are coming. Diana is having a new dress made with elbow sleeves. She is going to wear it to the picnic. Oh, I do hope it will be fine Wednesday. I don't feel that I could endure the disappointment if anything happened to prevent me from getting to the picnic. They're going to have boats on the Lake of Shining Waters—and ice-cream as I told you. I have never tasted ice-cream. Diana tried to explain what it was like, but I guess ice-cream is one of those things that are beyond imagination."

"Anne, you have talked for ten minutes by the clock," said Marilla. "Now, just for curiosity's sake, see if you can hold your tongue for the same length of time."

Anne held her tongue as desired. But for the rest of the week she talked picnic. On Saturday it rained and she worked herself into such a frantic state lest it should keep on raining until and over Wednesday, that Marilla made her sew an extra patchwork square.

On Sunday Anne confided to Marilla on the way home from church that she grew actually cold all over with excitement when the minister announced the picnic from the pulpit.

"Such a thrill as went up and down my back, Marilla! I don't think I'd ever really believed until then that there was going to be a picnic. I couldn't help fearing I'd only imagined it. But when a minister says a thing in the pulpit you just have to believe it."

"You set your heart too much on things, Anne," said Marilla with a sigh. "I'm afraid there'll be a great many disappointments in store for you."

"Oh, Marilla, looking forward to things is half the pleasure of them," exclaimed Anne. "You mayn't get the things themselves; but nothing can prevent you from having the fun of looking forward to them. Mrs. Lynde says, 'Blessed are they who expect nothing.' But I think it would be worse to expect nothing than to be disappointed."

Marilla wore her amethyst brooch to church that day as usual. Marilla always wore her amethyst brooch to church. She would have thought it sacrilegious to leave it off—as bad as forgetting her Bible or her collection dime. That brooch was Marilla's most treasured possession. A sea-faring uncle had given it to her mother who in turn had bequeathed it to Marilla. It was an old-fashioned oval, containing a braid of her mother's hair, surrounded by a border of very fine amethysts. Marilla knew too little about precious stones to realize how fine the amethysts actually were; but she thought them very beautiful and was pleasantly conscious of their violet shimmer at her throat, above her good brown satin dress, even although she could not see it.

Anne had been smitten with delightful admiration when she first saw that brooch.

"Oh, Marilla, it's a perfectly elegant brooch. I think amethysts are just sweet. They are what I used to think diamonds were like. Long ago, before I had ever seen a diamond, I read about them and I tried to imagine what they would be like. I thought they would be lovely glimmering purple stones. When I saw a real diamond in a lady's ring one day I was so disappointed I cried. Of course, it was very lovely but it wasn't my idea of a diamond. Will you let me hold the brooch for one minute, Marilla? Do you think amethysts can be the souls of good violets?"

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### ANNE'S CONFESSION

MONDAY evening before the picnic Marilla came down from her room with a troubled face.

"Anne," she said, "did you see anything of my amethyst brooch? I thought I stuck it in my pincushion when I came home from church yesterday evening, but I can't find it anywhere."

"I—I saw it this afternoon when you were away at the Aid Society," said Anne, slowly.

"I was passing your door when I saw it on the cushion, so I went in to look at it."

"Did you touch it?" said Marilla sternly.

"Y-e-e-s," admitted Anne, "I took it up and pinned it on my breast just to see how it would look."

"You had no business to do anything of the sort. It's very wrong in a little girl to meddle. You shouldn't have gone into my room in the first place and you shouldn't have touched a brooch that didn't belong to you in the second. Where did you put it?"

"Oh, I put it back on the bureau. I hadn't it on a minute, I didn't mean to meddle, Marilla. I didn't think about its being wrong to go in and try on the brooch: but I see now that it was and I'll never do it again. That's one good thing about me. I never do the same naughty thing twice."

"You didn't put it back," said Marilla. "That brooch isn't anywhere on the bureau."

"I did put it back," said Anne quickly—pertly, Marilla thought. "I don't remember whether I stuck it on the pincushion or laid it in the china tray. But I'm perfectly certain I put it back."

Continued on page 22

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## THE FLOWER GARDEN IN FEBRUARY

By Samuel Armstrong Hamilton

Photographs by Frank Cremer

**T**HERE is much to be done amongst the flowers in the month of February, indoors, and it is now that we do the planning for that greater out-door garden on which we will count to give us so much pleasure during the coming season.

The house-plants which were brought in and re-potted late in the Fall, and which have been blooming, will be by this time somewhat "ragged," unless they have gotten that expert treatment which few housewives have the time to give them. However, they can yet be put in excellent shape to carry them over the Winter, and really make their best display during the Easter week—which should be the climax of the in-door garden season.

Such plants as the geranium, begonia, verbenas, fuchsias, carnations, and many others, which have been blooming since late in the Fall, will be pretty well exhausted, and must be revitalized if it is desired that they continue to bloom until Easter brings in the bulbs, which are followed by the out-door garden. The artificial lives which these plants live under the conditions of modern house-heating tends to de-vitalize them. The expert keeps her plants always vitalized, but this is not possible for the many.

The loss of vitality and strength of blooming is due, aside from the conditions of ventilation and temperature hinted at above, to the complete exhaustion of the earth around the edges of the ball of soil within the pot. It is a fact that a plant in a four or six-inch pot, the sizes in which house-plants are usually grown, will have available for plant-food, that which is in the outside inch of soil only, as the feeding roots do not recurve upon themselves, but when they have exhausted the plant-food from the soil within their reach, they matt together between the soil and the pot, which when it becomes very pronounced makes the condition we call "pot-bound." This is the reason why professional florists do not shake all the soil off the roots when re-potting. It is only the outside, tender, fibrous roots, which feed the plant, and it is only these which need to have plant-food within their reach.

This being the case, no Winter house-plant should be allowed to become pot-bound, or becoming so, should not be allowed to remain so. It is an easy matter to de-pot a plant and ascertain its condition. To do so, take the pot with the bottom resting upon the palm of the right hand. Place the left hand over the top, the stem of the plant between the fingers. Reverse the pot, and strike its edge upon the edge of a board or table, when the plant, ball of soil and all, will come loose, and the pot can be lifted off with the right hand. A glance will show its condition. If the ball of soil is covered with a matted mass of fine white roots, entirely, or nearly covering the soil out of sight, it is likely pot-bound, and has nothing on which to live excepting what it can abstract from the water it gets—which is very little. If there is more than one-third the area of the soil visible, it does not require re-potting, but should be fed from the top as given further on. If there are worm-casts or little tunnels through the soil, it is a sign of earth worms, which are destructive to the feeding roots. All such should be set apart to be given lime-water treatment. When the inspection of the de-potted plants is completed they will be in one of the following conditions: Pot-bound; requiring top-feeding; and needing lime-treatment, which I will take up in the order named.

For the pot-bound plant there is but one remedy—re-potting in a larger pot. If in a four-inch pot, re-pot to a six-



De-Potting Plant

plants should put in a supply of this soil in the Fall for Winter re-potting. If there is none to be had, as the next best thing, use one-half fine sifted coal ashes, one-half loamy sand, mix together, and half this bulk of well-rotted horse manure (at least six months in the heap) which should be well sifted before adding. Mix all well together, re-sift, and use for re-potting.

For the plants which are not pot-bound, but which have partly exhausted the soil, put a level tablespoonful of bone-meal on top of the soil in the pot, scratching it under the surface. The water you will give will carry the chemical ingredients to the roots beneath.

Those plants which show worm-casts or tunnels will need a good soaking with lime-water, which is made as follows: Put five pounds of quick-lime in three gallons of water, and when slaked, stir well. Allow to stand until all the sediment is settled in the bottom, and pour off the clear solution from the top. The latter is used to soak the earth in the pots, and will kill all kinds of worms and grubs which affect it, and is of advantage to sandy soils, and no disadvantage to others.

Having attended to the necessities of the roots of your house-plants, give the next attention to the tops. If they have been in a window and turned regularly, they will be symmetrical, but few persons turn them as they prefer to have them grow one-sided as they show a more pleasing effect from the outside. In either case the leading shoots should be cut back, and if there has been a rank growth, owing to extra forcing by a high temperature in the room, it will be well to cut all the shoots back one-third, cutting out all dead ones, and picking off all foliage which is defective, and burning the rubbish.

Allow the plants to remain in the light until the soil in the pot is nearly dry, when the heat should be cut off from the room so that it will not go above 45 degrees, and the blinds be lowered so that there will not be more than the equal of twilight. This

is to give the plants a much needed rest, as they will remain in a practically dormant condition, all the while absorbing nutriment. One week of this resting will be sufficient which will bring the work to the end of the first week of February, and if the plants are gradually accustomed to the light, and finally given the full sunshine, they will soon be covered with bloom for the remainder of the season. If the foliage of your plants is not of a deep, vivid green, give them nitrate of soda in the water, in the proportion of one ounce of the nitrate to three gallons of water. The effect will be apparent in less than a



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We've made it better and more helpful than the sixty that have preceded it. You need it to help make your garden more successful—to know what is best to grow. Write for free copy.  
**JAMES VICK'S SONS, 525 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.**

week. This solution is for watering the soil, only—never use it on the foliage.

No doubt by this time you have your seed catalogues, and are thinking of the garden which you will make later. Do all your planning this month, before the outside work becomes insistent. Was your garden satisfactory last season? If not, why not? In what can it be improved? Have you the manure and other fertilizers arranged for the opening of the garden season? Will you need work to be done in the making of new walks, the placing of new beds or borders? Are you going to set out any hardy plants, shrubs or vines? If so, this is the month to send in your order, with a reservation as to date of shipment which you will send later. Keep in mind that those who order early get the best selected stock. Have you any trees, shrubs, or bushes which should have been pruned last Fall, but which were not attended to? If so, have it done this month while everything is frozen hard, and not next month when growth commences.

When having pruning of this kind done, or when doing it yourself, keep the fact in mind that the size and number of the blooms of hardy shrubbery is controlled by the manner of pruning. As an instance, take the hydrangea paniculata, which will do as a sample of all similar kinds. If very large fine blooms are desired, cut the branches back to one spur each, and thin out most of the inside branches, excepting the central leader. But if a massed effect of medium-sized blooms is desired, as for a hedge, or center bed, cut the last year's



Hyacinths and Spirea

growth back only one-third, allowing an even number of spurs to be placed all over the bushes, so as to show a symmetrical effect when in bloom.

It is a fact that many of our most destructive insects do not travel far from where they are born, and it is sure to be the case that if you were bothered by them last Summer there will be the eggs or cocoons, from which next season's crop will be hatched, about your premises, somewhere. You should make a close inspection of every tree, vine, bush, trellis, and fence on your place, and persuade your neighbor to do the same, for these evidences of destructive pests, and destroy all of them by burning. Examine the inner-branches of any conifers, and the cracks of fences, and the interstices between the bark of large trees.

In February you will need to take stock of the bulbs of the narcissus, tulip, daffodil, hyacinth, and crocus. If the pots have been buried out in the open, either in pits, earth-piles, or cold-frames, they should be examined, by de-potting several in order to be assured that they are well rooted—in fact they should be almost pot-bound. If they are not, have them brought in under cover, where they will have a temperature not to exceed 50 degrees in day time, but keep them in the dark, until time to bring them into the heat for forcing for Easter. The forcing heat for these bulbs should be, as near as may be, not over 60 degrees in day-time and not over 50 degrees at night.

When the bulbs are in bloom, they can be advantageously combined with other Spring-blooming flowers, such as spirea, bougainvillea and others, by packing them in stone-ware pans and covering the tops of the soil with spagnum-moss or fine soil. It is best to make the combinations after the blooms are ripe, as it is hard to arrange the plants so as to bloom together.



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LUTHER BURBANK'S GREATEST CREATION. A Luscious Berry Ripening in Three Months from Seed  
**SEED 20 CTS. PER PKT. 3 PKTS. FOR 50 CTS. POSTPAID.**

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**K. S. Enochs**, writing to the "Tribune," Hammond, La., Aug. 5th, says: "I have handled the Wonderberry this year. Planted in the open ground in March. Began gathering berries in June. The plants here will easily produce \$250 per acre before Aug. 1st. The plants bear enormously and the fruit is delicious and sells readily in the markets."

**D. S. Hall**, Wichita, Kans., says: "I sold seed of the Wonderberry to thirty different parties last spring, and twenty-nine of them are well satisfied with it and recommend it. The other one planted it in soil too heavily fertilized. I think I can sell lots next spring. I know of no fruit or vegetable of easier culture. I find it extremely prolific and of long season in bearing."

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P. S. This offer will not appear again. Write for Sunberry seed, and Catalogue at once.



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To secure for our annual catalogue the largest possible circulation, we make the following unusual offer: To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses **Ten Cents** (in stamps) we will mail the catalogue described below and also send free of charge our "**HENDERSON'S**" COLLECTION OF SEEDS, containing one packet each of *Giant Mixed Sweet Peas*; *Giant Fancy Pansies, Mixed*; *Giant Victoria Asters, Mixed*; *Henderson's Big Boston Lettuce*; *Freedom Tomato* and *Henderson's Blood Turnip Beet* in a coupon envelope, which when emptied and returned will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 and upward.

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is the title of our 1910 catalogue. It is a book of 200 pages with 700 photo engravings direct from nature, 8 superb colored and duotone plates of vegetables and flowers. Complete and thorough in every respect, it embodies the results of sixty years practical experience. We believe it is the best we have ever issued, and the premier horticultural publication of the year.

In addition, all ordering from this advertisement will receive a copy of our **Garden Guide and Record**, which we consider one of our most valuable publications. A handbook of condensed cultural information of which one of our customers who has had an advance copy, says: "It is the most complete, concise and comprehensive book of its kind."

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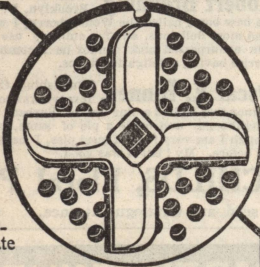
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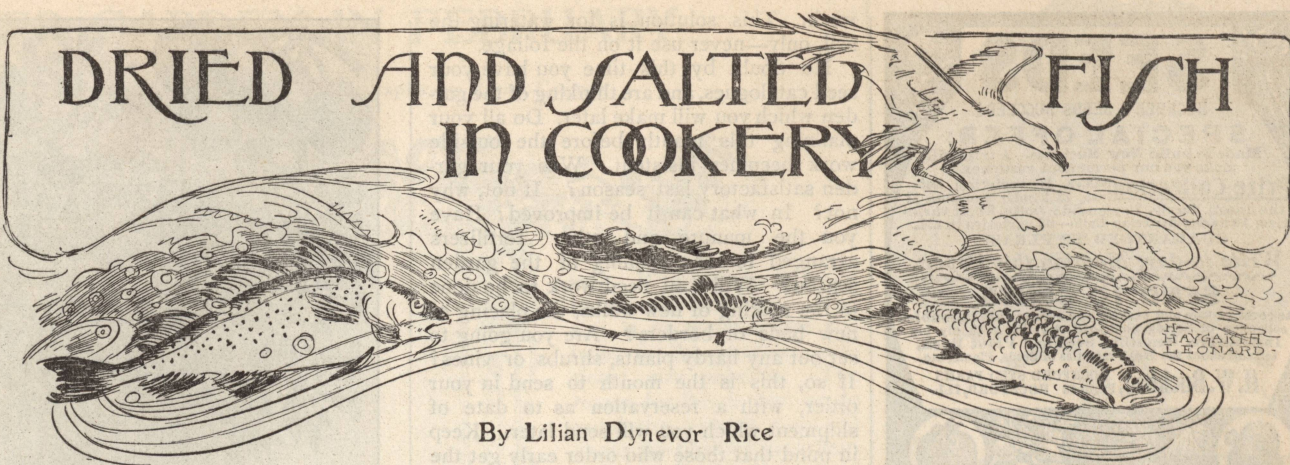


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# DRIED AND SALTED FISH IN COOKERY



By Lilian Dynevor Rice

UNTIL the attempt has been made few cooks realize what savory dishes may be compounded with dried or salted fish as the foundation, and a foundation which is always to be obtained, no matter if one live hundreds of miles from ocean or bay. At the head of the list is cod, coming from our Northern coast with Gloucester, Mass., as the chief point of supply. Then there is the delicious mackerel, salted, smoked or kippered, haddock with its popular title of Finnan haddie, herring and salmon, the last two preferable in smoked form. Many people who do not care for fresh fish, no matter how daintily cooked, enjoy smoked or salted fish for breakfast or luncheon, and it is well known that the capricious appetite of an invalid is generally tempted by a bit of salt cod, freshened, broiled and buttered, or else simmered for an hour or so, then the cod-fish tea, as it is termed, poured over delicately toasted and buttered bread. As cod claims precedence not only on account of its size but because it is the best known, it is to recipes in which this fish in salted or dried form figures that space is first given.

Old-Fashioned Codfish Balls.—Have a pound of salt cod cut from the thick part of the fish and soak it over night. In the morning drain and pick into shreds with a fork, being careful to remove all bits of bone and skin. To every cupful of the shredded fish allow two cupfuls of freshly boiled mashed potato and mix the two together in a warm bowl while the potatoes are hot, adding to every cupful of cod and two of potatoes one tablespoonful of butter. Beat very light with a fork and season with white pepper. When perfectly smooth make into cakes with the floured hands or two tablespoons, flour the cakes slightly, then fry very slowly in half butter and half lard. The cooking should be so slow that a brown crust forms over the cakes. Garnish with parsley. Some cooks boil the freshened cod with the potatoes, then shred afterwards, but this usually makes the cakes too salt for the average taste.

Codfish Souffle.—Shred enough of the cod as just described to fill a teacup or use the dessicated kind after freshening. Allow a pint of freshly boiled potatoes to every half pint of cod, also a pint of rich milk, two eggs beaten to a foam, and half a cupful of butter. Whip all together with a fork and season with pepper, then turn into a buttered baking dish and bake until the top is a nice brown. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

Codfish Fritters.—Soak and shred the fish as before, then mix in a batter made of two cupfuls of milk, four eggs well beaten, and sufficient flour in which a heaping tablespoonful of baking powder has been stirred, to make the batter about as thick as for waffles or popovers. Fry in deep lard. Serve as an accompaniment to poached eggs.

Boiled Cod with Vegetables.—Have the salt cod cut in neat slices about two inches wide, or else in a large steak, and remove the small bones after soaking over night. Put in a deep pan, cover with hot water and simmer very slowly for an hour or until tender. Meantime either boil and mash potatoes, or else cut them into small balls and boil until soft but not crumbly, also boil some diced carrots and two whole beets. When the fish is done arrange on a large platter surrounded by alternate piles of potatoes, carrots and the beets which after being boiled tender are also diced; pour over the fish a sauce made by creaming together a teaspoonful of butter with one of flour, then stirring this into a cupful of rich milk and cook until thick when slice into it two eggs which have been boiled for twenty minutes. This makes an effective and delicious dinner with no other addition.

Codfish Soup.—This is quite as nice in the estimation of many as clam or oyster soup. To make it, freshen half a pound of salt cod, cut in small pieces and add two pared and diced potatoes, covering with hot water and cooking until the potatoes are beginning to soften, then pour off the water and turn in a quart of milk which bring to the boiling point. Season with a tablespoonful of butter, white pepper and a very little salt, then pound two Boston crackers fine and stir in. Serve very hot with small toasted crackers as an accompaniment.

Broiled Salt Mackerel with Delmonico Potatoes.—Mackerel hailing from about the same waters as codfish puts in almost as constant an appearance on the bill of fare of the average household. In selecting one for broiling be sure it is thick and fat. Soak it over night, flesh side downward in half milk, half water. In the morning drain and wipe dry,

then rub with butter and broil, first the flesh side then the skin side and lay on a hot platter. Pile in the center potato balls cut with a vegetable cutter and boiled until tender in slightly salted water. Drain and pile along the center of the mackerel, then pour over all a sauce made of melted butter, chopped parsley and a few drops of lemon juice. Garnish with very thin slices of lemon.

Boiled Salt Mackerel with Cream Sauce.—Freshen the mackerel as previously described and in the morning put in a skillet, cover with cold milk and bring to the boiling point. Simmer for two or three minutes then lift out with a perforated egg slice onto a hot platter. Pepper, then pour over a sauce made as for the "Cod with Vegetables," only omit the boiled egg and substitute finely chopped parsley.

Mackerel may also be fried in butter, or may be covered with cream and baked in a quick oven until light brown. Smoked mackerel needs only rinsing with hot water then a minute or two of broiling.

Baked Finnan Haddie.—To a Scotchman the only correct way to cook a haddie is as follows: Put the fish in a baking pan and pour over it a cupful of milk, then put on the stove where it will come to the scald very slowly. When the liquid begins to simmer pour it off, then dot the fish with bits of butter and a shaking of white pepper and bake in a quick oven for half an hour.

Finnan Haddie with Cheese.—But in spite of the Scotchman's decision this recipe has also a large number of advocates. Pick sufficient haddie into small pieces to fill a pint measure, then mix it with a sauce made of a tablespoonful of butter, one of flour and a pint of milk. Let this simmer until creamy then remove from the fire and stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and a heaping tablespoonful of grated cheese. Serve on thin slices of toast or in ramekins with toast fingers and sliced hard-boiled eggs as accompaniment.

Haddie may also be broiled, then buttered and served with lemon quarters, or it may be picked up in cream like salt cod-fish. As the large haddies are the fattest, it is better to purchase half of one of these rather than a whole small one, also if the fish dealer permits take the side without the centerbone.

The majority of cooks fancy that the usually termed Yarmouth bloaters come from England whereas they can lay no claim to Yarmouth, coming as they do from our own coast. Next to the roe herring which cannot be obtained at all seasons, the bloater is the best of dried fish as an appetizer, for it is far too salty and rich to be anything more. The most savory method of preparing it is to scald it after splitting, then wipe dry and hold over the coals or flame on a broiler for a minute or two, then put on a hot platter and butter generously, serving with buttered toast. Also it may be dotted with butter after being spread open and heated in the oven. The herring roe may be rubbed smooth with a little butter, a few drops of lemon juice and a shake or two of paprika and used for sandwich spread. The small smoked herring which comes packed in little wooden boxes or glass tumblers, is very nice for Sunday tea or a midnight supper heated hot on the broiler and laid on thick buttered toast that has had the edges dipped in boiling water to soften them, then sprinkled with a little lemon juice and cayenne.

Herring Salad.—Boil small potatoes after peeling, let cool, then cut in rather thick slices and mix with them small smoked herring that has been freed from bones and skin then cut in inch length pieces, also add a small onion sliced. Sprinkle over all a French dressing made rather hot with cayenne. Diced pickled beets and dill pickles may be added. Thinly sliced rye bread-and-butter sandwiches should be served with this salad.

Herring Canapes.—Slice rye bread, trim off the crusts. On each slice spread herring paste made as above directed, then sprinkle over the crumbled yolks of eggs which have been boiled for at least half an hour, and on top of this make a little decoration of the finely chopped whites and minced olives.

Smoked salmon is better broiled than any other way, and will not require freshening unless very dry and salt when pour hot water over it, let stand for five minutes, then drain, wipe dry, rub with butter and broil. Usually it is oily enough to be broiled without the addition of butter. It can also be rubbed to a paste like the herring and used for sandwiches or canapes.



1.—Finnan Haddie with Cheese  
2.—Old-Fashioned Codfish Balls  
3.—Broiled Salt Mackerel with Delmonico Potatoes. 4.—Smoked Herring on Toast



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## REQUESTED RECIPES

**Cheese Cake.**—Here is an excellent German  
recipe for this delicate and delicious cake: To  
a pound of cottage cheese, which should be  
well drained and fresh, allow half a cupful of  
granulated sugar, a tablespoonful of flour and  
four eggs. Beat the yolks of the eggs until  
light, add to them the cheese, sugar and flour,  
then the stiffly beaten white of the eggs and a  
saltspoonful of powdered nutmeg. Stir in sweet  
milk until the mixture is about the stiffness of  
waffle batter, when pour in a deep jelly cake  
tin which has been lined with buttered paper,  
sprinkle with well washed and floured currants  
and a little cinnamon and bake until brown and  
firm. Some cooks line the tin with thinly rolled  
puff paste, but the cheese mixture is the princi-  
pal part of the dish in any case.

**Welsh Rarebit.**—To make this popular supper  
dish so that it is creamy and digestible always  
use eggs in the mixture. A good recipe is as  
follows: Melt a heaping tablespoonful of but-  
ter in a porcelain-lined saucepan or chafing dish  
and stir into it before it has time to color half  
a pound of grated cheese, or instead of grating  
it cut it in very thin small slices. Add a pinch  
of salt, a saltspoonful of dry mustard, a few  
shakes of paprika or a few drops of Worces-  
tershire sauce and stir until the cheese is melt-  
ed, then pour in the yolks of two eggs which  
have been well mixed with half a cupful of  
cream and stir until the mixture begins to bub-  
ble at the edges—it must not boil or it will be  
tough, hence the cooking must be very slow.  
Have ready some thin toasted crackers, or soft  
slices of toast. Pour the rarebit on these and  
serve at once accompanied by small cups of  
black coffee.

**Hollandaise Sauce.**—This sauce is used with  
fish, sweetbreads and various vegetables, par-  
ticularly asparagus and artichokes. For it  
soften but do not melt half a cupful of butter,  
beating it until creamy with a fork, then add to  
it one by one the yolks of four eggs, season  
with salt and cayenne pepper, and some like a  
little shake of nutmeg, then stir in carefully  
half a cupful of boiling water and cook in a  
double boiler until very thick, stirring in while  
cooking the juice of half a lemon, adding it  
drop by drop or the sauce will curdle. Let this  
sauce get very cold before using. It is a nice  
dressing for sliced cucumbers or tomatoes, and  
many prefer it to mayonnaise on account of the  
absence of oil in the ingredients. A few capers  
or finely chopped pickled cucumbers stirred  
into it makes it a tart sauce to serve with fried  
or broiled fish. As originally made it goes bet-  
ter with cold boiled fish such as salmon.

**Queen Pudding.**—Boil a quart of new milk;  
stir in a scant cupful of dried bread crumbs, let-  
ting them remain about a minute, stir in also a  
tablespoonful of butter and one-fourth of a tea-  
spoon of salt. Take from the fire and stand  
away to cool; then add one-half of a cup of  
sugar, the beaten yolks of three eggs, the juice  
and grated rind of a lemon; pour into a but-  
tered dish and bake half an hour in a moderate  
oven. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff  
froth with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar  
and half a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla;  
heap in large spoonfuls over the top of the pud-  
ding when cold, placing a little jelly on top of  
each spoonful of meringue before sending the  
pudding to the table. A preserved strawberry,  
raspberry or cherry may be used instead of  
the jelly if preferred.

**Beef Loaf.**—One pound of lean beef, rump or  
round, chopped very fine, or you may use for  
this purpose the long, tough ends of a sirloin  
steak. Half a cupful of bread crumbs, one slice  
of onion chopped fine, one tablespoonful of  
chopped parsley, the yolk of one egg, a tea-  
spoonful of vinegar, or lemon juice if you have  
it, a teaspoonful of butter. Put all the materi-  
als together in a large bowl and mix them  
thoroughly. Form into a loaf about six inches  
long and four wide. Wrap it in a paper that  
has been greased with butter, put it in a baking  
pan and bake it in a hot oven half an hour,  
basting it two or three times with melted but-  
ter. When it is done, unwrap the paper, put  
the loaf in the center of a large heated dish and  
pour around it a brown sauce made of the drip-  
pings left in the pan. Heat these drippings to  
boiling, mix in a level tablespoonful of flour  
and add one cupful of stock, if you have it, or  
cold water. Stir until it boils, season to taste  
and pour around the meat.

**Home-Made Yeast.**—Pare and wash two to  
four potatoes, according to the size; put a  
small handful of hops in a bag, boil with the  
potatoes until the latter are soft, when there  
should be just one quart of the water to drain  
off. Mash the potatoes; add a cupful of sifted  
flour, working it in well; pour the water over  
this, hot, stirring all the while to free from  
lumps; let stand till milk-warm, put in yeast to  
rise, leave in a warm place five hours, thicken  
with meal, let stand five hours to rise, then roll  
out, cut in cakes, and put in a good place to dry.

**Onion Soup.**—Slice three onions very thin and  
fry them a light brown in a tablespoonful of  
nice dripping. Here let me say that any quan-  
tity of onions may be pared and sliced with  
ease and comfort if they are held under water  
in a deep pan while preparing them. When  
the onions are brown, add an even tablespoon-  
ful of flour; mix and pour in slowly half a pint  
of stock, stirring all the while until it boils.  
Turn this into one quart of boiling stock; sea-  
son with pepper and salt; let it boil five min-  
utes and serve with cubes of toasted bread.



the road to lengthen out the time. When I was going over the bridge across the Lake of Shining Waters I took the brooch off to have another look at it. Oh, how it did shine in the sunlight! And then when I was leaning over the bridge, it just slipped through my fingers—and went down—down—down, all purply-sparkling, and sank beneath the Lake of Shining Waters. And that's the best I can do at confessing, Marilla."

Marilla felt hot anger surge into her heart again. This child had taken and lost her treasured amethyst brooch and now sat there calmly reciting the details without the least apparent compunction or repentance.

"Anne, this is terrible," she said, trying to speak calmly. "You are the very wickedest girl I ever heard of."

"Yes, I suppose I am," agreed Anne tranquilly. "And I know I'll have to be punished. I'll be your duty to punish me, Marilla. Won't you please get it right off because I'd like to go to the picnic with nothing on my mind."

"Picnic, indeed! You'll go to no picnic today, Anne Shirley. That shall be your punishment. And it isn't half severe enough for what you've done!"

"Not go to the picnic!" Anne sprang to her feet and clutched Marilla's hand. "But you promised me I might! Oh, Marilla, I must go to the picnic. That was why I confessed. Punish me any way you like but that. Oh, Marilla, please, please, let me go to the picnic. Think of the ice-cream! For anything you now I may never have a chance to taste ice-cream again."

Marilla disengaged Anne's clinging hands.

"You needn't plead, Anne. You are not going to the picnic and that's final. No, not a word."

Anne realized that Marilla was not to be moved. She clasped her hands together, gave a piercing shriek, and then flung herself face downwards on the bed.

"For the land's sake!" gasped Marilla, hastening from the room. "I believe the child is crazy. No child in her senses would behave as she does. If she isn't she's utterly bad. Oh, dear, I'm afraid Rachel was right from the first. But I've put my hand to the plough and I won't look back."

That was a dismal morning. Marilla worked fiercely and scrubbed the porch floor and the dairy shelves when she could find nothing else to do. Neither the shelves nor the porch needed it—but Marilla did. Then she went out and raked the yard.

When dinner was ready she went to the stairs and called Anne. A tear-stained face appeared over the banisters.

"Come down to your dinner, Anne."

"I don't want any dinner, Marilla," said Anne sobbingly. "I couldn't eat anything. My heart is broken. You'll feel remorse of conscience some day, I expect, for breaking it, Marilla, but I forgive you. Remember when the time comes that I forgive you. But please don't ask me to eat anything, especially boiled pork and greens. Boiled pork and greens are so unromantic when one is in affliction."

Marilla returned to the kitchen and poured out her tale of woe to Matthew, who, between his sense of justice and his unlawful sympathy with Anne, was a miserable man.

"Well now, she shouldn't have taken the brooch, Marilla, or told stories about it," he admitted mournfully, "but she's such a little thing—such an interesting little thing. Don't you think it's pretty rough not to let her go to the picnic when she's so set on it?"

"Matthew Cuthbert, I'm amazed at you. I think I've let her off entirely too easy. And she doesn't appear to realize how wicked she's been at all—that's what worries me most. If she'd really felt sorry it wouldn't be so bad. And you don't seem to realize it, neither; you're making excuses for her all the time to yourself—I can see that."

"Well, now, she's such a little thing," feebly reiterated Matthew. "And there should be allowances made, you know she's never had any bringing up."

"Well, she's having it now," retorted Marilla.

The retort silenced Matthew if it did not convince him.

When her dishes were washed and her bread sponge set and her hens fed Marilla remembered that she had noticed a small rent in her best black lace shawl when she had taken it off Monday afternoon on returning from the Ladies Aid. She would go and mend it.

The shawl was in a box in her trunk. As Marilla lifted it out, the sunlight struck upon something caught in the shawl—something that glittered and sparkled in facets of violet light. Marilla snatched at it with a gasp. It was the amethyst brooch, hanging to a thread of the lace by its catch!

"Dear life and heart," said Marilla, "what does this mean? Here's my brooch safe and sound that I thought was at the bottom of Barry's pond. Whatever did that girl mean by saying she took it and lost it? I remember now that when I took off my shawl Monday afternoon I laid it on the bureau. I suppose the brooch got caught in it somehow. Well!"

Marilla betook herself to the east gable, brooch in hand. Anne was sitting dejectedly by the window.

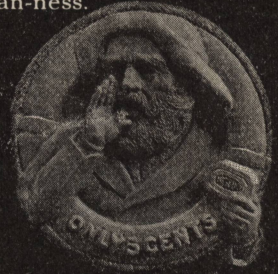
"Anne Shirley," said Marilla solemnly, "I've just found my brooch hanging to my black lace shawl. Now I want to know what that rigmorale you told me this morning meant."

"Why, you said you'd keep me here until I confessed," returned Anne, "and so I thought

*Continued on page 24*

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A Spool Holder

### Three Hints from Illinois

I have enjoyed the Circle so much and found the advice given there so useful that I want to help a little myself. This is a simple device which will prove of assistance to those who use ball silk or cotton for crocheting or

knitting. Take a wire hairpin, bend the ends at right angles a quarter of an inch from the points. Snap these bent ends into the holes of the spool or into the sides of the ball. Hook the head of the hairpin over a button of the waist or fasten to the waist with a safety pin, then you run no further risk of soiled wool or silk caused by the constant falling of the ball. The hairpin must be strong. To dispel the bad taste in the mouth which so often follows gripe and kindred ills, wash the mouth several times a day with strong salt water then rinse with clear water. Raw grated potato applied to a burn or scald will ease the pain immediately.

MRS. A. J. F., of Illinois.

### A Very Sane Protest

There is a protest I have always wanted to make, and I feel moved to give it voice right now. Very frequently we read suggestions on how to slip in a little improving reading while attending to household tasks. Now, Sister Housewives, imagine yourselves sitting down to read for a few minutes while dinner is cooking. Won't your thoughts run somewhat like this if you happen to be reading "The Skylark" for instance:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit, Bird thou never wert" (Is that meat burning?)

"Higher still and higher from the earth thou springest like a cloud of fire," (Did I put water enough on those potatoes?)

"The blue deep thou wingest and singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest," (It's time to take out that pudding,) etc., etc.

My plan is "Work while you work and play while you play." What say the rest of you on this subject?

LENA P., of California.

### Two Tiptop Household Tips

There are two ideas which have proved most reliable in my own home so I send them along.

A round piece of tin which one can easily procure when punched full of holes (which you can easily do with a hammer and nail) makes a capital arrangement to put in the opening of the pipe which leads from the butler's pantry sink. This of course prevents many things from going down and stopping up the sink trap and it may be easily removed to clean.

A pair of gas pliers can be procured for a small sum, and are most convenient to have in the household. In addition to using them for the purpose for which they were made, i. e., renewing gas tips, placing new lights upon fixtures, etc., I find them very useful for removing the tops of fountain and other pens, etc., as they easily grip the round surfaces without injury, if carefully handled. Those who have experienced the difficulty of removing a top when the ink has dried will appreciate this. But this is one of the many uses to which the pliers can be put. Try, and find how easily they start a screwed stopper, such as is used on so many articles put up in tin cans, such as metal polish, etc.

C. K. F., of New Jersey.

### Good Advice from the National Capital

A small capsule filled with absorbent cotton given when a pin is swallowed, acts as a sure remedy. The cotton will wind itself around the pin when the pin becomes rusty—in about twenty-four hours.

If you sew a waist bone up the back of a tape measure for the first ten inches you will have a means at hand to rapidly measure skirt lengths and lines for trimming.

MRS. J. J. O'C., of Washington, D. C.

### Two Kitchen Kinks

It is well to know that cooking utensils which retain a disagreeable odor from fish or onions cooked therein may be made sweet and fresh by being thoroughly heated after washing and drying. When making a new fire in the kitchen range, I find the best way is to lay a piece of paper over bottom of grate, just like if you were putting it in bottom of a basket, place a layer of good clean coal on this paper, then, on top of this coal, place more paper and then put on your wood, light the paper and after it burns the wood add your coal. By placing coal on bottom of grate, the heat is forced up instead of going down between grate, and in making a fresh fire this way you will have your water and coffee boiling before the fire is fully burnt up. I know from experience as I have tried both. Housekeepers should take advantage of this hint if they want a quick fresh fire.

ELIZABETH G., of Pennsylvania.

### A Monday Morning Hint

The other day I saw a pair of clothes tongs that have replaced the broom stick in a friend's laundry. They were made from two broomsticks laid side by side and fastened together by means of a bar run through a hole in the middle of each. A bolt held the bar from coming out. With such tongs one can get hold of clothes without the usual effort to make them stay on the stick and by laying them across the boiler a great deal more water will run from the clothes than will in the ordinary way.

MRS. C. F. S., of Michigan.

### While the Cold Lasts

Although Winter is beginning to wane these three hints may come in helpful. Try them Sisters:

To keep the hands in good condition in cold weather rub to powder-fineness laundry starch and keep it in a glass jar or tin box where it is convenient to hand. After having the hands in water wipe them, then rub the starch all over them, dusting off the superfluous powder. It will keep the hands soft, smooth and free from chaps.

Old newspapers make warm lining for the hen house, as paper is one of the best non-conductors of heat and cold. Several layers should be used, and if roofing paper be tacked over these they will last through the entire Winter. Newspapers laid between the plants and the window on cold nights will keep the growing things from being frost touched.

Glassware and thin china are apt to fly into pieces if plunged into hot water these cold mornings. If they are slipped into the water sideways the danger of breakage is not so great, and if a teaspoon be put in each,

then hot water poured in there will be no cracking.

B. B. B., of New Jersey.

### Brooms and Wall Paper

The Sisters give such helpful hints that I would like to send a few that I think might benefit them in return.

Do you know that brooms will last much longer if they are set up on the handle?

If your wall paper gets moldy, don't think you need to paper your room again. Simply take a cloth and wipe the mold off. This remedy is simple, still I discovered it only by accident. All success TO THE HOUSEWIFE.

H. R. F., of Ohio.

### Cleaning Lamp Burners

This is my first visit to the Circle, and I come with a suggestion as to the cleaning of common lamp burners, having made the discovery by accident. Take a handful of poor quality white beans—those which you have picked out as too poor to cook and boil them with the lamp burners, or if you have parboiled beans for the table use that water which you would ordinarily throw away. You will be surprised on taking out the burners to find how clean and bright they will be, only requiring rinsing and polishing with a dry cloth to be like new.

A. M. D., of New York.

## Oh, for the Boon of Perfect Health

So sighs the anæmic, sickly maiden, the victim of a dozen ills that rack her body and destroy her beauty. The factory girl, the toiler, the waiting-maid, the pampered daughter of a Captain of Industry, are alike in that they all suffer from disorders that rob them of their energy, their spirits, their animation, and make of them poor despondent sufferers. What's to be done? Is there no remedy? Sure. And it is within the reach of all.

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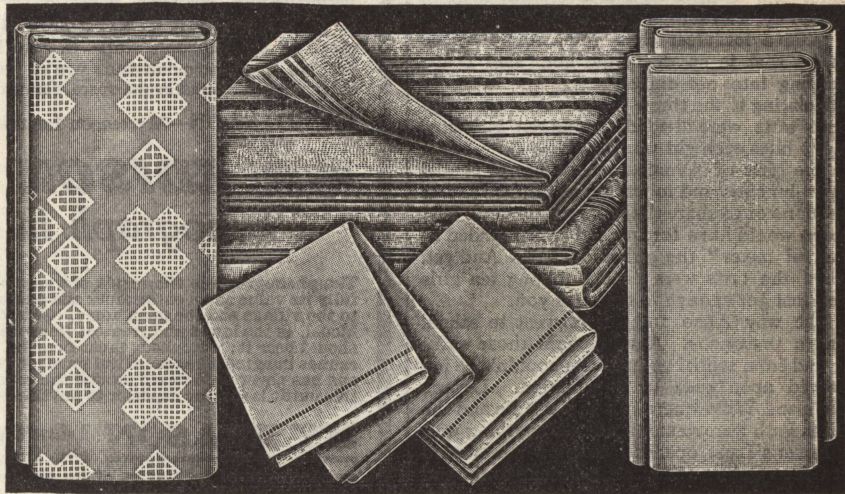
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# Anne of Green Gables

Continued from page 22

out a confession last night after I went to bed and made it as interesting as I could. But you wouldn't let me go to the picnic after all, so all my trouble was wasted."

Marilla had to laugh in spite of herself. "Anne, you do beat all! But I was wrong—I see that now. I shouldn't have doubted your word when I'd never known you to tell a story. Of course, it wasn't right for you to confess to a thing you hadn't done—it was very wrong to do so. So if you'll forgive me, Anne, I'll forgive you and we'll start square again. And now get yourself ready for the picnic."

Anne flew up like a rocket. "Oh, Marilla, isn't it too late?" "No, it's only two o'clock. They won't be more than well gathered yet and it will be an hour before they have tea. Wash your face and comb your hair and put on your gingham. I'll fill a basket for you. There's plenty of stuff baked in the house. And I'll get Jerry to hitch up the sorrel and drive you down to the picnic ground."

"Oh, Marilla," exclaimed Anne, flying to the washstand. "Five minutes ago I was so miserable I was wishing I'd never been born and now I wouldn't change places with an angel!"

That night a thoroughly happy, completely tired out Anne returned to Green Gables in a state impossible to describe.

"Oh, Marilla, I've had a perfectly scrumptious time. Scrumptious is a new word I learned to-day. I heard Mary Alice Bell use it. Everything was lovely. We had a splendid tea and then Mr. Harmon Andrews took us all for a row on the Lake of Shining Waters—six of us at a time. And Jane Andrews nearly fell overboard. She was leaning out to pick water lilies and Mr. Andrews caught her by her sash just in the nick of time. I wish it had been me. It would have been such a romantic experience to have been nearly drowned. And we had the ice-cream. Words fail me to describe that ice-cream. Marilla, I assure you it was sublime."

That evening Marilla told the whole story to Matthew over her stocking basket.

"I'm willing to own up that I made a mistake," she concluded, "but I've learned a lesson. I have to laugh when I think of Anne's 'confession,' although it was a falsehood. But it doesn't seem as bad as the other would have been. The child is hard to understand, but I believe she'll turn out all right. And there's one thing certain, no house will ever be dull that she's in."

## CHAPTER XV.

### A TEMPEST IN THE SCHOOL TEAPOT

"WHAT a splendid day!" said Anne. "Isn't it good just to be alive on a day like this? I pity the people who aren't born yet for missing it. They may have good days, of course, but they can never have this one. And its splendor still to have such a lovely way to go to school by, isn't it?"

"It's a lot nicer than going round by the road; that is so dusty and hot," said Diana peeping into her dinner basket and mentally calculating if the three juicy, toothsome, raspberry tarts were divided among ten girls how many bites each girl would have.

The girls of Avonlea school always pooled their lunches, and to eat three raspberry tarts all alone or to share them only with one's best chum would have forever and ever branded as "awful mean" the girl who did it. And yet, when the tarts were divided among ten girls you just got enough to tantalize you.

The way Anne and Diana went to school was a pretty one. Anne thought those walks to and from school with Diana couldn't be improved upon even by imagination. Lover's Lane and Willowmere and Violet Vale and the Birch Path were romantic, if ever anything was.

Lover's Lane opened out below the orchard at Green Gables and stretched far up to the end of the Cuthbert farm. It was the way by which the cows were taken to pasture and the wood hauled home in winter. Anne had named it Lover's Lane before she had been a month at Green Gables.

"Not that lovers ever really walk there," she explained to Marilla, "but Diana and I are reading a magnificent book and there's a Lover's Lane in it. So we want to have one, too. And it's a very pretty name, don't you think? We can imagine the lovers into it, you know. I like that lane because you can think out loud there without people calling you crazy."

Anne, starting in the morning, went down Lover's Lane as far as the brook. Here Diana met her, and the two little girls went on up the lane under the leafy arches of maples—until they came to a rustic bridge. Then they left the lane and walked through Mr. Barry's field and past Willowmere. Beyond Willowmere came Violet Vale—a little green dimple in the shadow of Mr. Andrew Bell's big woods. "Of course there are no violets there now," Anne told Marilla, "but Diana says there are millions of them in the Spring. Oh, Marilla, can't you see them? It actually takes away my breath. I named it Violet Vale. Diana says she never saw the beat of me for hitting on fancy names for places. It's nice to be clever at something, isn't it? But Diana named the Birch Path, but I'm sure I could have found something more poetical than Birch Path. Anybody can think of a name like that. But the Birch Path is one

of the prettiest places in the world, Marilla."

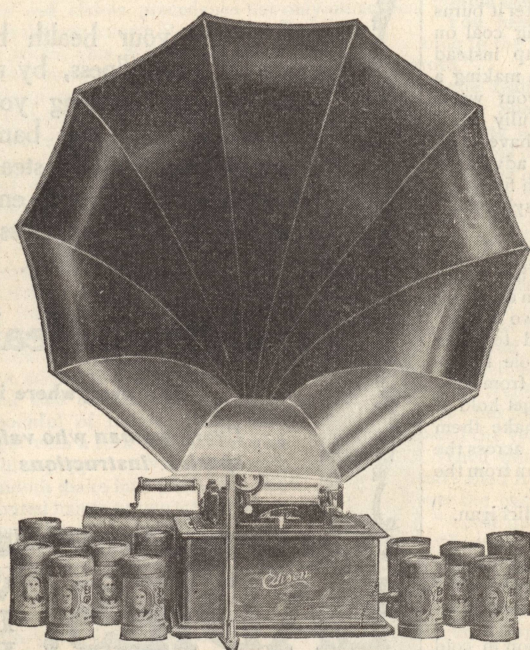
Other people besides Anne thought so when they stumbled on it. It was a narrow, twisting path, winding down over a long hill straight through Mr. Bell's woods. It was fringed with slim young birches, white stemmed and lissom boughed; ferns and starflowers and wild lilies-of-the-valley and scarlet tufts of pigeon berries grew thickly along it; and there was a delightful spiciness in the air and music of bird calls and the murmur and laugh of wood winds in the trees overhead. Now and then you might see a rabbit skipping across the road if you were quiet—which, with Anne and Diana, happened at once in a blue moon. Down in the valley the path came out to the main road and then it was just up the spruce hill to the school.

The Avonlea school was a whitewashed building, furnished inside with substantial old-fashioned desks that opened or shut, and carved all over their lids with hieroglyphics of three generations of school-children. The school-house was set back from the road and behind it was a dusky fir wood and a brook where all the children put their bottles of milk in the morning to keep cool until dinner hour.

Marilla had seen Anne start off to school with many misgivings. Anne was such an odd girl. How would she get on with the other children? And how on earth would she manage to hold her tongue during school hours?

TO BE CONTINUED

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The latest style Edison Phonograph in our new outfit No. 10—this superb entertainer, Mr. Edison's latest, final improvement of phonograph—shipped

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Yes, free. I don't ask a cent of your money—I don't want you to keep the phonograph—I just want to give it to you on a free loan—then you may return it at my own expense.

**Read the Offer:** I will ship you free this grand No. 10 outfit, Fireside Model, with one dozen Gold Moulded and Amberol records. You do not have to pay me a cent C. O. D. or sign any leases or mortgages. I want you to get this free outfit—the masterpiece of Mr. Edison's skill—in your home. I want you to see and hear Mr. Edison's final and greatest improvement in phonographs. I want to convince you of its wonderful superiority. Give a free concert; give a free minstrel show, music, dances, the old fashioned hymns, grand opera, comic opera—all this I want you to hear free of charge—all in your own home—on this free loan offer.

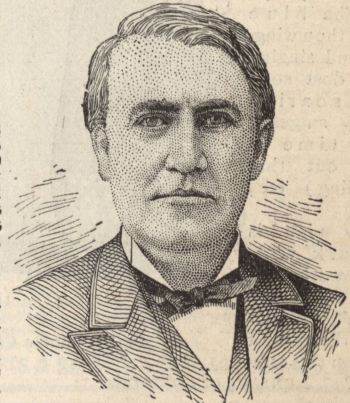
**MY REASON**—My reason for this free loan offer, this extra liberal offer on the finest talking machine ever made—see below.

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The phonograph is the result of years of experiment; it is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He realizes fully its value as an entertainer and educator; for the phonograph brings the pleasure of the city right to the village and the farm home. Now, the new Fireside Edison Phonograph of our outfit No. 10, 1910 Model, is the latest and greatest improved talking machine made by this great inventor. Everybody should hear it; everybody must hear it. If you have only heard other talking machines before, you cannot imagine what beautiful music you can get from the outfit No. 10. This new machine is just out and has never been heard around the country. We want to convince you; we want to prove to you that this outfit is far, far superior to anything ever heard before. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

**MY REASON** I don't want you to buy it—I don't ask you to buy anything. But I do feel that if I can send you this great phonograph and convince you of its merits, of its absolute superiority, you will be glad to invite your neighbors and friends to your house to let them hear the free concert. Then, perhaps, one or more of your friends will be glad to buy one of these great outfits No. 10. You can tell your friends that they can get an Edison Phonograph outfit complete with records for only \$2.00 a month—\$2.00 a month—the easiest possible payment and, at the same time, a rock-bottom price. Perhaps you, yourself, would want a phonograph, and if you ever intend to get a phonograph, now is the chance to get the brand new and most wonderful phonograph ever made, and on a most wonderfully liberal offer. But if neither you nor your friends want the machine, that is O. K.: I simply want you to have it on a free loan, and perhaps somebody who heard the machine will buy one later. I am glad to send it on the free loan offer anyway. I will take it as a favor if you will send me your name and address so I can send you the catalog—then you can decide whether you want the free loan. There are no strings on this offer, absolutely none. It is a free loan, that is all. I ask not for one cent of your money I only say if any of your people want to buy a phonograph, they may get one for \$2 a month, if they want it.

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In this catalog you will find a complete list of music and vaudeville entertainments. You can pick out just the kind of records you want for the entertainment you want on this free loan in your own home. Get this catalog at once, then you can decide whether or not you want a free loan and when you want it. You can also decide just the music you want. Remember, I will appreciate it as a favor if you will give me the opportunity of sending you this latest style machine—the climax of Mr. Edison's skill—on this free loan offer. I will appreciate it especially if you will send me your name and address anyway right now, so I can fully and clearly explain our methods of shipping the Edison Phonograph on a free loan. **SIGN THE COUPON TODAY.** Do it right now.

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NAME.....

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No letter necessary; just sign and mail this free coupon right now.



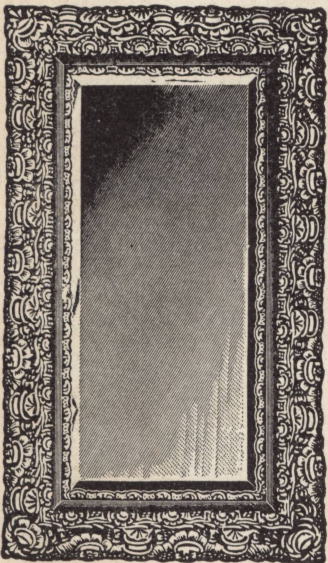
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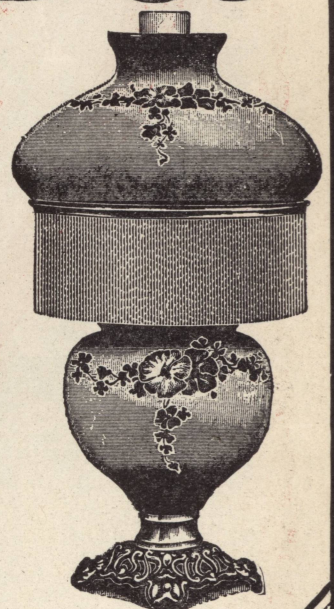
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